

5225

J

9



I am the man! who made a prey, to griefe.  
Doe in her very jaupes, find out releife.  
The Cynic, and the Stoic, could receive  
Th' unkindnesses of Fortune, & not grieve,  
Rejoyce and sport w<sup>th</sup> misery! there's none  
Could ever yet, but Comickall Scarron!

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Monfieur  
Scarron's  
LETTERS,

TO  
Persons of the greatest *Eminency*  
and *Quality*.

---

Rendred into *English*  
BY  
JOHN DAVIES, of Kidwelley.

---

LONDON:

Printed for *George Dawes*, and are to be  
Sold at his Shop in *Chancery-Lane*,  
againſt *Lincoln's-Inn*-  
Gate. 1677.



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TO THE

Worthily Honoured,

WILLIAM HAMMOND, *Esq;*

**A** *Midst the great deprava-  
tion of Morality, where-  
with the present Age is  
chargeable, it is some comfort, that  
there is a certain improvement  
of Gratitude, of which there are,  
at least, so many Demonstrati-  
ons, as we find Dedicatories.  
You have many times very sea-  
sonably*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*sonably surpriz'd me with your Kindnesses, and this is the first Opportunity I have had, to make a Publick Acknowledgment thereof.*

*In the primitive servour of Christian Discipline, men were content to undergo publick penances, in order to the expiation of secret miscarriages. Why therefore may not a private act of Generosity lay an obligation upon the Receiver, to make an open celebration thereof, if there be a concurrence and combination of circumstances to enforce it?*

*The former productions of this Comical and Burlesque Author, of my publishing in English, that*  
*is*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*is to say, his Novels, were address'd to the Patronage of the worthily - worshipful Thomas Stanley, Esquire, and I am very apt to attribute the kind reception they met withal in the World to the sacredness of that Dedication. The present Collection of Letters is the close of all that is to be expected of his in Prose : And 'tis my presumption, that, being recommended to the publick, under a name so neerly related to him, they will meet with a success answerable to that of the others.*

*But whatever entertainment they may have, I make this ad-*

A 4 *vantage,*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*vantage of this publication, that  
I have made a Manifesto of my  
respects, where I am so much en-  
gag'd to do it, and consequently,  
how much I am,*

*Honoured Sir,*

*Your most humble, and*

*much obliged Servant,*

J. DAVIES.

A D.



## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

# READER.

**I**N the Year 1670, I Publish'd the last *Novel* I could meet withal of Monsieur *Scarron's*, under the Title of *The Unexpected Choice*, Printed for Mr. *John Martyn* at the *Bell* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. In the Address to the Reader before that Piece, I made him a promise of some other, of the  
same

## To the Reader.

same Author's, which being then upon the *Stocks* was in a very fair way to be *launch'd* within a short time. The Work then intended, and indeed wherein some short Progress had been made, is this present Collection of his *Letters*, which had it not been mislay'd, and so given over for lost, might have appear'd long ere this, possibly, to the great satisfaction of those who were not dissatisfy'd with his other *Productions*. What success, and kind reception they have found, the frequent Editions of them do sufficiently testify. 'Tis presum'd, his *Letters*

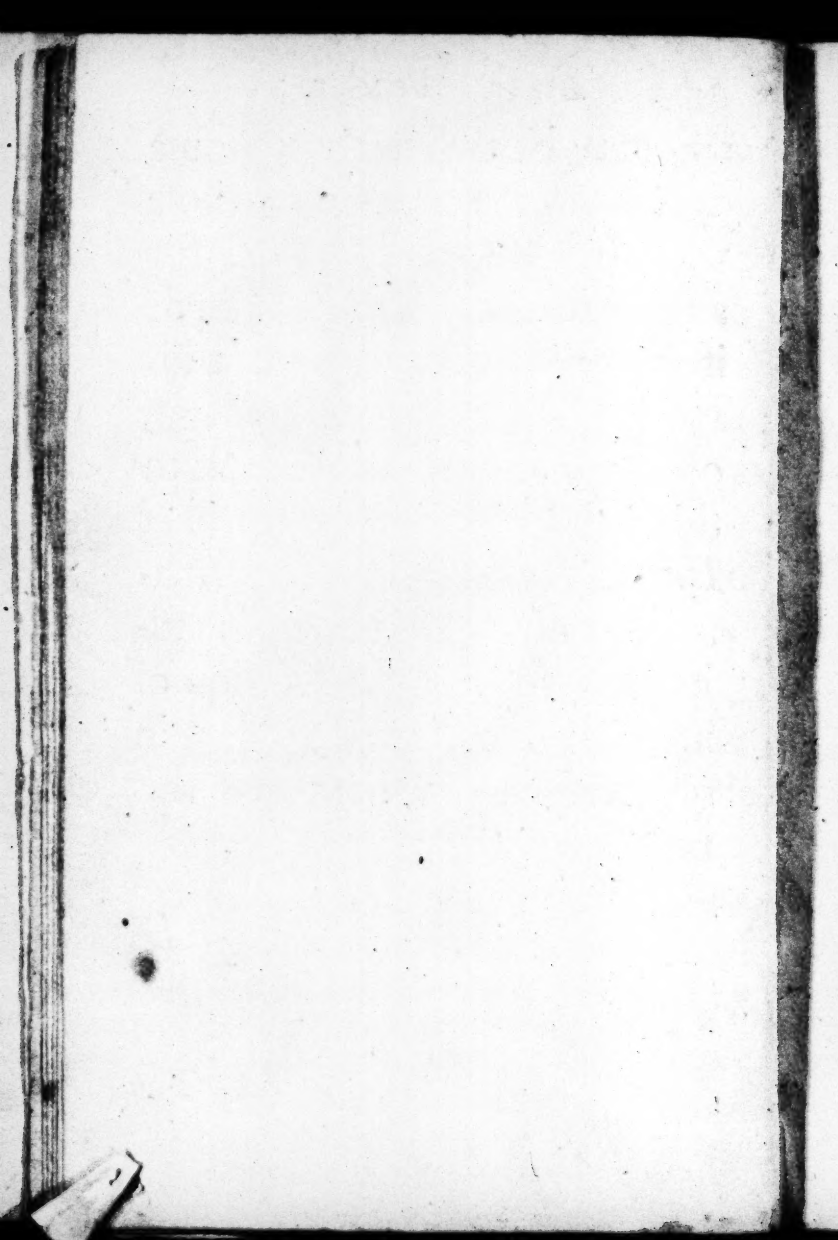


## To the Reader.

*ters* may be as divertive to some as his *Novels*, that is, to those who are Judges of Wit; for an Artist must needs be injur'd, if he be try'd by any, but his Peers. There was also a design, of making some Additionals to this little Collection, out of other *French* Authors, but, upon mature consideration, it is adjourn'd to the next Edition of it, which the Bookseller is in great hope to see, soon after this next long Vacation.

J. D:

The





# THE CONTENTS.

**A** *Letter from Monsieur De Balzac, to  
Monsieur Costar, concerning the Works  
of Monsieur Scarron.* Page 1.

Letter I. *To the Queen of Sweden.* 7

Letter II. *To the Queen Regent of France.*

11

Letter III. *To his Highness the Prince of  
Conde.* 12

Letter IV. *To the Countess of Brienne.* 14

Letter V. *To the same Countess.* 16

Letter VI. *To Monsieur Sarrazin.* 18

Letter VII. *To Mademoiselle D'Aubigné.* 23

Letter VIII. *To Madam de Savigny, the  
Widow.* 25

Letter IX. *To Madam Villarceaux.* 28

Letter X. *To the Marquess of Villarceaux.* 29

Letter XI. *To the Queen of Sweden.* 32

Letter XII. *To \* \* \*.* 34

Letter XIII. *To \* \* \*.* 35

Letter

# The Contents.

Letter XIV. <i>To * * *</i>	39
Letter XV. <i>To the Lord Bishop of Mans.</i>	41
Letter XVI. <i>To his Eminency the Cardinal de Retz.</i>	44
Letter XVII. <i>To the Duke de Retz.</i>	45
Letter XVIII. <i>To the Count de Vivonne</i>	48
Letter XIX. <i>To Monsieur Marigny</i>	51
Letter XX. <i>To the same Monsieur Marigny</i>	54
Letter XXI. <i>To the same</i>	56
Letter XXII. <i>To the Mareſchal D'Albret</i>	59
Letter XXIII. <i>To the same</i>	62
Letter XXIV. <i>To the same</i>	69
Letter XXV. <i>To the same</i>	71
Letter XXVI. <i>To * * * * *</i>	73
Letter XXVII. <i>To Monsieur the Procurator- General, and Surintendant of the Finances</i>	74
Letter XXVIII. <i>To the same</i>	76
Letter XXIX. <i>To the same</i>	77
Letter XXX. <i>To the same</i>	81
Letter XXXI. <i>To the same</i>	83
Letter XXXII. <i>To the same</i>	84
Letter XXXIII. <i>To the same</i>	87
Letter XXXIV. <i>To the same</i>	88
Letter XXXV. <i>To the same</i>	89
Letter XXXVI. <i>To the same</i>	91
Letter XXXVII. <i>To the same</i>	93
Letter XXXVIII. <i>To the same</i>	95
Letter	

# The Contents.

Letter XXXIX. <i>To the same</i>	100
Letter XL. <i>To Monsieur Pelisson</i>	102
Letter XLI. <i>To****</i>	104
Letter XLII. <i>To****</i>	105
Letter XLIII. <i>To*****</i>	107
Letter XLIV. <i>To****</i>	108
Letter XLV. <i>To****</i>	112
Letter XLVI. <i>To*****</i>	114
Letter XLVII. <i>To****</i>	116
Letter XLVIII. <i>To****</i>	118
Letter XLIX. <i>To****</i>	119
Letter L. <i>To————</i>	120
Letter LI. <i>To————</i>	122
Letter LII. <i>To————</i>	123
Letter LIII. <i>To————</i>	125
Letter LIV. <i>To————</i>	127
Letter LV. <i>To————</i>	129
Letter LVI. <i>To Monsieur de Segrais</i>	130
Letter LVII. <i>To the Duke d'Elbœuf</i>	133
Letter LVIII. <i>To Monsieur de Villette</i>	135
Letter LIX. <i>To the Count de Vivonne</i>	139

Monsieur



Licensed,

*Roger L'Estrange.*





Monfieur  
**Scarron's**  
**LETTERS.**

---

A LETTER

*From Monsieur De BALZAC, to Mon-  
 sieur COSTAR, concerning the Works  
 of Monsieur SCARRON.*

SIR,

**T**HE Book you were pleas'd to send  
 me from Monsieur Scarron is a Pre-  
 sent, which I am extremely oblig'd  
 to value. Upon the first perusal, it  
 prov'd an effectual remedy, and eas'd me of  
 an oppression of the Spleen, which might  
 have haply

haply have put a period to my breathing, had it not been for that seasonable relief. I am in hopes, it may yet do some further Cure, if I use it oftner. It is not impossible, but, by the help of it, I may be recover'd out of that Philosophical Melancholy, and indivertive seriousness, which I am too much subject to. Nay, probably, I may thereby learn to put *Chancery*-Bills and Legends into rime, and become jocund and cheerful by contagion. This certainly is the most admirable *indispos'd* person that ever was heard of; there is something in him which transcends health it self, I mean that health which we may call stupid and material: for you know, that the *Arabians*, speaking of alacrity, affirm it to be the flower and spirit of a lively and stirring health. Since you are desirous to know what different reflections I have made on this *indispos'd* person, and expect I should digest my thoughts of him into a particular Chapter; I am, in the first place, to give you this character of him, That, of all the men I ever convers'd with, he must be guilty of either the greatest dissimulation, or the greatest constancy. I say, that he shall rise up in Judgment against the delicacy and blandishments, whereto humane Nature is

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so much inclin'd, or that Pain, and all its afflictive retinue treat him more gently than they do other men. I say, there is some probability, that the common Executioner punishes the Patient with some kind of lenity and remorse. When I see him laughing, as he does, in the midst of his torments, I must confess my self apt to be of an opinion, That his pain comes not up to that degree we commonly assign it, to be such, and amounts only to a certain titillation. In fine, I stick not to affirm, that the *Prometheus*, the *Hercules*, the *Philoteses*, mention'd in the Fables, not to say any thing of *Job*, the truth of whose story we doubt not of, say very great and remarkable things in the violence of their torments; but they are far from speaking such as are pleasant, and divertive. I must acknowledge, that, in many places of Antiquity, I have met with Grievs, from which, such as endur'd them, acquir'd the reputation, some of Constancy; some of Modesty; some of Prudence, nay, some of Eloquence; but of any remarkable for a perpetual intermixture of Alacrity, this is the only Example: No, I could never meet there with any mention of a Mind, soprin-

cipled by the dictates of any Sect, as that it

could dance and be frolicksom, in a Body, where the Palsey had taken up its Quarters. So observable a Prodigy deserves to come under the consideration of Philosophers, employed upon the quest of things requiring the greatest curiosity. 'Twere an omission in History to forget him ; and if I were in an humour to be an Historian, as I am an Historiographer, I should not account it the least Miracle of our Time, which hath produc'd so many such. It is not my design to detract ought from the reputation of the Dead, with whom I must acknowledg my self to have had a friendship : But there are different degrees of Reputation, and though the quality of an *Apostle*, be a Title of no small Account in a Christian Family, yet is it to be confess'd, that the Martyrdom of the Son is somewhat that is more rare than the *Apostolical* employment of the Father. What think you, would be the sentiments of your *Seneca* upon this occasion, that *Seneca*, who heretofore took so great a pleasure in Treating of such matters, and who so often hath sought the occasions of doing it ? Will it not be found true, that that disdainful and insolent Vertue, so much celebrated by him, which brags of its being at ease and undisturb'd in *Phalaris's* Bull, and could say, that

that it was pleasant being there, was but the simple figure of this Vertue so accompany'd by Meekness and Humility, as that it knows how to put in practice the *Paradoxes* of the other, and that without the least ostentation? Let us then conclude, to the honor of him, who calls himself the most humble, most Obedient, most Oblig'd, and most *Indispos'd* Servant and Subject to a great Queen, that there is either Ecstasie and Enthusiasm in his Indisposition, and that the Soul executes her functions apart, without being any way immers'd in Matter; or that there is an extraordinary constancy and vigour in it, and that the Soul, in its struggles with the Body, hath all the advantage, that a stronger person hath over a weaker.

*Aut caeleste aliquid, Costarde, astrisq; propinquum,  
Morbis hic est, superoq; trahit de lumine lucem,*

*Aut servant immota suum Bona vera serenum,  
atq; super proprias Virtus illasa ruinas.*

*Poë tot sacra igitur, tandem, gens Stoica, Reges,*

*Cernunt! Fasces tenero submitte vati,  
Sublimi, tragicisq; Sophi, Zenonia proles,*

*Nec pudeat decreta humili postponere socca  
Grandia, & ampullas verborum & nomen ha-  
nesti*

*Magnificum, ac veras audire in carmine voces.*

SCARRO ager, SCARRO, infando data pra-  
da dolori,

*Non fatum crudele, Jovem non clamat ini-  
quum;*

*Iratis parcit superis, sortiq; maligna,*

*Et patitur saevos invictâ mente dolores,*

*Jucundumq; effert dira inter spicula vultum.*

*Nec simulatâ gerit personam indutus honestam,*

*Vel mistâ ridet, veluti Mezentius, irâ,*

*Sed purum, sine fraude & laxis ridet habenis.*

*Dic iterum, neq; sat semel est dixisse triumphos,*

*Qui lata, ingeniosa, agro de pectore promit,*

*Qui ludit Deum & Enceladum, vastumq; Ty-  
phcea*

*Terrigenasq; alios, festivo carmine fratres;*

*Qui sedeat licet aeternum, mirabile dictu,*

*Perpetuas agitat Pindi per amœna choreas,*

*Proximus ille polo, fortunâq; altior omni,*

SCARRO meus, mihi namq; tuum, Costarde  
dedisti,

*Magnus erit Rex ille sui, quem prisca coronæ*

*Porticus, & rigidi vox imperiosa Cleanthæ*

*Ni saclo invideat nostro rigidusq; Cleantes,*

*Priscae; dijs, divûmq; patri se Porcus æ-  
quans.*

I know

I know not whether the Chequer-work of this Chapter will please you ; but out of a fear the length of it may displease you , I close it, and remain,

Your, &c.

*De BALZAC.*

LETTER I.

*To the Queen of Sweden.*

*Madam,*

**I** Presume to send your Majesty some Productions of mine, which possibly you have not seen. If you find any thing in them that may please you, the satisfaction I shall conceive thereat will be as great as I am capable of, who having once had the Honour to see you, must now look on my self as reduc'd to that unhappy condition as ever to expect it again. To compleat the measure of my ill Fortune, and the miseries of my Life, it seems there wanted only the affliction of being at so great a distance from your Majesty, and at the same time to envy those who are near you. I know not whether

ther those fortunate persons are fully sensible of their Happiness; but, if they have not for your Majesty somewhat that transcends admiration and respect, I shall make no difficulty to rank them amongst the most stupid of all undiscerning Animals. For my part, were I in their place, and in a condition to run about the Fields, I should soon act the part of a little *Rolando* for your sake. True it is, I think I should not fell down, at one single stroak with a Sword, as great Trees as he in *Ariosto*, and that I should not commit so much waste; and yet my extravagances might occasion more divertisement than his, though they were not so much to be fear'd; nay haply they would raise no less compassion. You see, *Madam*, that I make sufficient advantages of the permission your Majesty hath been pleased to give me, as an unregarded Gallant, to make that Courtship to the greatest Queen that ever was, which that Skipping-Master did to a Queen that never was. 'Twas prudently done of your Majesty to give it me, since I was resolv'd to have taken it my self, and in case you had deny'd it me, you would have found your self disobey'd by a Person who would not do it in any thing else, though it cost him his life. But, divesting you of your Majesty,

Majesty, *Madam*, you are an admirable person. In all places where ever you come, your Eyes make you more Subjects than a great Kingdom had given you; and if they do of themselves all we have seen done by them, without your taking the trouble of giving them any instructions, it must be acknowledged, that the World affords not any that are more beautiful and more attractive, but withal more dangerous. Hence it comes, that, in all the Persons who visit me, I observe a certain Rivalship in the expressions they make of your Empire over them; but the particular Miracle your Majesty hath wrought is upon the Ladies, who though naturally inclin'd to envy all others, conspire in an unanimous acknowledgment of your perfections. *Madam*, I should dread being too free with your Majesty, were I not assur'd, that you know better than any person in the World, how great a dose of *Icarus*, and *Ixion* goes into the composition of a Poet, and that the History of those two temerarious attempters, though the close of it be not much to the advantage of those poor Merchants of Immortality, is that, of all the Fables, which best pleases them, and is of most use to them. There is not any much applauded Poet, but would prefer the reputation



putation of being a Modern *Ixion*, before that of turning a stanza well, and an Heroick Confidence (so they call their Platonick and Contemplative Love) before Laurel, or Money, or both. But, *Madam*, possibly I play the wanton with the Command your Majesty hath laid on me to write to you, if I have not already done it. I am therefore to beg this favour, if your Majesty be pleas'd to afford me the continuance of this Honour, that I may know, to what degree of freedom my Letters may aspire, that I may not presume so far on the priviledg you have given me, as to transgress the limits of that respect which is due to you, from Persons infinitely transcending,

Madam,

*Your Majesties most humble, most  
Obedient, and most respectful  
Servant,*

SCARRON.

---

LETTER



## LETTER II.

*To the Queen Regent of France,*

*Madam,*

**I**T was too Noble an adventure, for the most unfortunate of all Men, to be known to your Majesty, and to be the particular object of your Compassion and your Charity. It is to be attributed, not so much to his fault, as his unhappiness, that he is so soon discarded after so favourable a hand of good Fortune. He is out of favour with the greatest Queen in the World, his Benefactress; whereof what can be the effect, but that he must submit to the Tyranny of that affliction, which before, with the assistance of such a Patroness, he was in some measure able to struggle with? Can nothing excite a pity in your Majesty towards so disconsolate a wretch; and, while you are liberal of Peace to all the World, can you not shed a little of it into a Breast, full of troubles and distractions, through the loss of your Favour? He is not so far besotted, as to beg any new one of your Majesty; but the sum of his humble Suit is, that you will at length give a check to

to your indignation, that he may compleat the small remainder of his life, with the Satisfaction of telling the World that he is,

*Madam,*

*Your Majesties most humble, most obedient, and most respectful  
Servant.*

S.

### LETTER III.

*To his Highness the Prince of Conde.*

*May it please your Highness,*

**D**Oes it not argue an excess of Joy in me, to presume writing to your Highness upon your happy return? I must confess, it is so great, that it proves my torment, when, to check it into some moderation, I am guilty of any endeavour to suppress it. And when I permit the discoveries of it, men look on it as a Prodigy, that an unhappy wretch who finds it work enough, to support his own particular misfortune, should be so highly concern'd in the Publick Felicity, as the most happy and  
most

most healthy ; and what adds to this general astonishment, is, that having not the honour of approaching your Highness, and there being so vast a distance between a Prince of *Conde*, and the *Terminus* of all indispos'd and bed-ridden people, his affection should be so violent towards him, as if he had the perpetual satisfaction of seeing and admiring him. This indeed is a thing meets with as much difficulty of credit, as your Highnesses Victories, and yet is no less certain. And if your Highness could but be induc'd to believe it upon my own word, you would haply afford the ardency of my zeal a kind reception, and be the more convinc'd of my being, beyond any Person in the World,

*Your Highnesses most humble,  
most obedient, and most passionate  
Servant,*

S.

## LETTER IV.

*To the Countess of Brienne.*

*Madam,*

**S**INCE you have had the curiosity to see me, as the Queen of *Sweden* had before you, it is but just, you should, as she did, give me leave to fall in Love with you, and to give you the Honour of a thing, which it may be is already past depending on your consent. If you imagine I ask any thing of you, which you ought not to grant me, and that I undertake more than I am able to perform, I am content to be reduc'd into the number only of your Friends, and to conceal from you, what other more advantageous relation I might be capable of. For without your condescending to that, there will be no occasion of my waiting on you, which will be an extraordinary affliction to me; for I was extreamly desirous to use the utmost of my endeavours and abilities to give you satisfaction. After such a discovery, as this is, of my intentions to you, I refer it to your own imagination, whether any thing in the World would tempt me to disap-

disappoint you. I shall therefore, with much sincerity, give you an account of the good and bad qualities of the Person, whom you are to look on as your humble Servant, as long as he lives. His Body, indeed, as you might have observ'd, is very irregular, inso-much that he is thought a dangerous spectacle to Women with Child. As to the Soul, he is so well content with his own, that he would not make an exchange with any in the World, but your self. When he loves, he does it with such violence, that he is sometimes asham'd of it; and since you must know all, though he be very punctual in acquitting himself of the obligations and devoirs of Friendship, yet in one particular he is defective, to wit, that of writing to his Friends. But it is to be consider'd withal, that he speaks advantageously of them upon all occasions, expressing himself with a kind of fury, and sometimes is so importunate, as to weary out his Auditors; and when he is obliged to vindicate some person whom he loves, he can hardly be distinguished from a Lion. If you like me upon these qualifications, I am, Body and Soul, at your service. In the mean time, expecting your resolution, in order to your  
accep-

acceptance or rejection of me, I am, nay will be, however you treat me,

*Madam,*

*Your most transported, and  
most humble Servant.*

S.

LETTER V.

*To the same Countess.*

*Madam,*

**I**T is possible indeed, that you may have never permitted any one to make a discovery of love to you ; but that never any durst presume to do it, as it is not a thing dependent on you, so you must give me leave to doubt of it, at least, till you have layd your absolute commands upon me to believe it.

*Were you a Beauty of a lower rate,  
By one coy look you might betray your hate,*

*To teach a daring Lover greater caution,  
 And smother his aspiring Inclination.  
 But you once seen, plac'd in the noblest Sphear,  
 Who so reserv'd, as can from Love forbear?  
 Or who once having lov'd can be so tame,  
 As to conceale so violent a flame?  
 So true it is, Love, in a high degree,  
 Will soon transgress the rules of secrecy.*

Let us therefore be sincere, *Madam*, and acknowledge that we have not been so ingenious, as we should, one towards another, at our first correspondence by Letters, and that, if it be impossible, any should ever presume to entertain you with a discourse of Love, being so transcendently beautiful as you are, it is no less, on my side, that having so great a discerning faculty as I am Master of, I should be tamely content with a reduction into the number of your friends, as I had told you. If the end of your Letter approach sincerity, as much as the beginning seems to be distant from it, the sentiments you promise to have for me will happily produce very dangerous effects about the Court, and you will find there will be a certain emulation among some, to cripple themselves. But for my part, I shall be the Prince of them, since my work is already

C

ready



# 18 Scarron's Letters.

ready done, and therefore shall think my self oblig'd, answerably to my Quality, to transcend all others in the impetuosity of my Passion, since I have the preheminance, of being first admitted,

Madam,

*The humblest of your most  
humble, and most Obedient  
Servants,*

SCARRON.

---

## LETTER VI.

*To Monsieur Sarrazin.*

*Sir,*

**I** See you are not under any pressure of Affairs in your Kingdom of *Bordeaux*, since you have so much leisure as to write to me ; or that Mademoiselle de *Viger* sticks any thing close to your Heart, when you amuse your self in giving me a particular relation of all the noble exploits, she is able to perform either in Peace or War. If the description you have made of her be free from



from flattery, I must confess, I had rather have broken a leg, than ever have known her, nay though it were such, as that I might venture it at the dancing of a Ball; and I do advise you not to be too familiar with her, since you have not so much time to squander away. But is there, in earnest, any more in it, than that you, having little to do, yet desirous to be doing, have given me an ingenious draught of your own imaginations of Beauty, and attributed them all to the Person you were most conversant withal? For you tell me so many things of her, that I should believe but little, were it not for this reflection, that you would not have written me so excellent and so long a Letter, without some design. For, at *Paris*, it was never believ'd till now, that there was any person at *Bordeaux*, whose attractions might raise a Love in Monsieur *Guyonet*. But upon the reading of your Letter, I am easily induc'd to a perswasion, That if ever Mademoiselle de *Viger* shall make all the advantages she can of her power, the number of those whom she shall make slaves, will equal that of those whom *Guyonet* had made unhappy; and she will be fully reveng'd on the poor unhappy men, for all the devastations which that

C 2

dan-

dangerous *Guyennian* hath committed upon thole of her Sex. But dear Sir, consult your own Conscience, and deal sincerely, Is not that serenity and indisturbance of Mind, which you magnifie above all things, somewhat concern'd in the case, when you make an open profession of having so violent Inclinations for her? For my part, were I still, as you say,

*Qualis eram bona  
Sub regno Cynara.*

and were, as I now imagine you to be, on the Banks of the *Garonne*, where it kindly contributes to the production of so many Flowers to strew your Walks, it would cost me at the least two or three thousand disturbances, seven or eight hundred jealousies, some handfuls of the hair of my head, and a quart or two of warm tears, for I have now lately receiv'd the gift of tears as well as you, and I dare compare with you for matter of weeping, though it be known, you have been as remarkable for it, as the Prophet *Jeremy*. But to return to *Mademoiselle de Viger*, 'tis a misfortune to be lamented, that she should be wiser then *Solomon*. There are indeed some men  
would

would be guilty of a great extravagance for her, as the Queen of *Sheba* was for him. For example, I my self, who am not so wise as the Son of *Barfabe*, as she told you, and yet think her a more amiable Person than that Queen of *Ethiopia*, would take *Bourdeaux* in my way, upon no other design, then that of seeing her, if I go next Spring to *Barages*, as I have some intentions to do. But my Dog of a Destiny will hurry me about a month hence towards the *West-Indies*: or rather, I am afraid to be shov'd out of *Europe*, into *America*, like a piece from one end of a Sheffle-Board to the other, by a sort of importunate and insupportable persons, a sort of Excrescencies of *Paris*, who call themselves, the *Leigers of Wit and Drollery*. The Question among them, is not, Whether a man be well principled, well inclin'd, or of an obliging deportment, and good carriage; but whether he be one of the *Leigers of Wit and Drollery*. There are a certain number of persons who would attempt to give them a shove; but they were told, the more ingenious among them make it their bragg, That they are approv'd by a great Princess, whose Perfections of Mind equal the transcendency of her Quality, and that they are so vain, as

to bring her name in, to countenance the glingling productions of their Wit. Had it not been for this consideration, there would have been a party ready to have risen up against them. And this is all the account, I can give the most ingenious of my *European* Friends, of my departure hence for *America*. I have in order thereto put a Thousand Crowns into the hands of a new Company design'd for the *Indies*, which goes to plant a Colony within three degrees of the Line, along the Rivers of *Orillana* and *Orinoca*. Farewel *France*; Farewel *Paris*; Farewel Tygresses disguis'd in the shape of Angels; Farewel *Menagius's*, *Sarrazins*, and *Marignis*. I renounce all future Commerce with *Burlesque Poetry*, *Comical Romances*, and *Comedies*; I am now bound for a Countrey where I shall not meet with any counterfeit Saints, nor Cut-purses of devotion, no Inquisition, no Winter to rack me to death, no defluxion to cripple me, nor Warr to starve me; but a perpetual freedom of Converse, sincerity of acquaintance, and all the enjoyments of the Golden Age. And yet amidst all these, I dare assure you, nothing shall debauch me into an oblivion of my obligations to you; and that when I write to you next from my  
Palace

Palace in the *West-Indies*, I shall close with an acknowledgment of my being, as much as ever,

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER VII.

*To Mademoiselle D'Aubigné.*

*Mademoiselle,*

I Am very much oblig'd to a certain thing called *Instinct*, for that would be always suggesting to me that the little Lady, whom I saw coming into my Chamber, about six months since, in a garment somewhat of the shortest, in respect of the mode now regnant, and who presently fell a crying, I know not upon what occasion, was no less ingenious, than her countenance gave her out. The Letter you have written to *Mademoiselle de Saint Hermant*, is so highly ingenious, that it argues a great decay of Wit in me, not to have observ'd soon enough the accomplishment of it in you. To be sincere with you, I could never have imagin'd, that in the Islands of *America*, or among the

Nuns of *Niort*, any should be taught the Rules of writing so excellently well; and I am extreemly put to it, to find some colourable pretence, why you should make it your business to conceal ingenuity, when others are so over-forward to make all the discoveries they can of it. Now therefore that you are known, you should make as little difficulty of writing to me, as you have done to Mademoiselle *de S. Hermant*. I shall use my utmost endeavours, to write a Letter comparable to yours, and you will have the satisfaction to see, that, if I come short of you in point of Wit, I will not of any other, in being

*Mademoiselle,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

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LETTER

## LETTER VIII.

*To Madam de Sevigny, the Widow.*

*Madam,*

**Y**Our satisfaction has cost me abundance of misery; for what *Recipes*, and Diet-Drink, and Physical Directions have I been the Butt of, only out of a compliance with the Command you had laid on me, not to dye, till you had seen me! And yet, Madame, all this strictness, all my patient obedience to those who exercis'd their absolute power of life and death upon my body, hinders not my being still in a dying condition, out of an impatience to see you. Had you taken an exact measure of your own forces and mine, this would not have happen'd. You Ladies of prodigious merit imagine there is no more to be done, but to command. We indispos'd persons have not so much the disposal of our Lives. Be therefore satisfy'd to occasion their death who see you sooner then they would, without prolonging their lives, who see you not so long as you wish they should; and blame none but your self, if I obey not the first command you ever laid upon me, since you have hasten'd



hasten'd my death, and that there is great likelihood, that, to please you, I should have been as willing to have liv'd a hundred years, as any other man. But is it not in your power to change the manner of my death? I should not be a little oblig'd to you. All these deaths of impatience and love are not for my turn, much less suitable to my humour; and if I have wept a hundred times for persons who have dy'd upon that account, though I knew them not, imagine what I shall do for my self, who ever made account to have a little of my own humour at my death. But it is impossible for a man to elude his destiny; and so I am convinc'd, that, whether you be near me, or at a great distance from me, you are the occasion of my death. All the comfort I have, is, that, if I had seen you, the very thought of it would have added to the torment of my dissolution. They say you are a dangerous Lady, and that they who look not on you with a certain circumspection, are presently taken sick, and carry'd away within a short time. I therefore submit to the death you have assign'd me, and I heartily forgive you. Farewel Madam, I die your most humble Servant; and I pray Heaven, the divertisements you expect

expect to find in *Britany*, be not disturbed, by a remorse, of having been the executioner of a person, who had never offended you :

——— *And then, but then, too late  
My cruel One will think, that, if I dy,  
Ere I see her, I am not to be blam'd.*

The last Verse should have rim'd to one of the other two; but at the point of death, a man's thoughts are more taken up with dying well, than riming well. And so being ready to expire, I have only time to—recommend——my self——

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LETTER

## LETTER IX.

*To Madam de Villarceaux.**Madam,*

**I**T was no hard matter for me to find by your Letter, that I had written a very impertinent one to you: but it was not the first that ever I writ, when I and my Wife were at some distance; and I am not so highly conceited of my own Prudence, as to presume it will be the last that I shall write while I live. The first time I ever come abroad, I will endeavour to crawl for your pardon: Mean time, Madam, you may assure Mademoiselle *Meusnier*, that though she hath said of me a hundred false things, which have brought me to the knowledge of many true ones concerning her, I am ready to put the Maid-Servant she complains of, into the hands of the Magistrate, and, what you will hardly believe, that this wicked Maid, whom she charges to have sold what she could justly call her own, is more forward to appear before the Judges, than she her self. But, Madam, I am somewhat afraid that I shall be taken at my word,

yet

yet shall I not retract what I have said. She may present her Petition when she pleases ; if the Maid be guilty, I shall be the first to sollicite against her. For your self, Madam, as you are good, and generous, you cannot forbear pitying a Mother that has lost her Daughter, or rather that was desirous to have lost her : And for her, if her Neighbours speak truth, she could do no less then surprize you. And, for my part, Madam, I shall give you no further trouble, but that of assuring you how infallibly I am,

*Madam,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER X.

*To the Marquess of Villarceaux.*

*My Lord,*

**F**Or the discharge of my own tender Conscience, I must needs tell you, That you know not what you do, when you make me a proffer of your Friendship, and  
are

are so desirous, as you seem to be, of mine. Though it be habitual in you to do good actions, yet that of wishing well to a person so discarded to misfortune, as I am, requires a generosity, which you will find more dangerous in the exercise of it, than you imagine. I find little for you to hope from it, and much to fear, and therefore I advise you not to undertake it, how great soever my advantages be thereby. This heretofore cost *Armentieres* his life; and not long since, poor *Haucourt* run the same fate; not to mention to you divers others, whom I could name to you, not of your acquaintance, and whom Death would not haply have snatched away so soon hence, had they not been over-forward to express their love to me. Must I yet give you more examples, to assure you that my misfortune is contagious? Let these few suffice. Cardinal *Richelieu* dy'd within a month after my being known to him, and that I was thought so happy as to please him. The Prince of *Orange* had no sooner discover'd his desires of making me some Present, but he fell sick of the Small Pox, and dy'd. The President *de Mesme* did not long out-live the Visit he made me, in a Chamber three Stories high. In fine, my acquaintance, if it come to any degree

of Friendship, is so sure a losing cast to those who have it, and of so sudden a Disastre, that it is beyond my apprehension, how the Cardinal *de Retz* hath got into that Eminency, against Wind, Water, and Weather, at a time when it was the general persuasion, that he had a certain esteem for me. After all these deterring examples, if your heart courageously persist in its resolution, I am, Body and Soul, yours. I am not so deeply besotted as to refuse my good fortune, and the Friendship of a Person, whom I passionately love, as well upon the account of his merit, as my own natural inclination. Yet can I not disburthen my self of a compassion for the hazard you run into, for I once more tell you, That I am a Mail, which open'd, you will find stuff'd only with misfortune, and consequently how fatal may prove to you being,

*Your most humble, &c.*

S. M. 1701

LETTER

## LETTER XI.

*To the Queen of Sweden.*

*Madam,*

**T**O offer your Majesty a Comedy, and that of my Compolure, is to make you a Present infinitely below your Worth and Quality: Only I have this plea, That every one ought to be tax'd according to his abilities, for the payment of the Tribute due to you, from all those who make it their concern to write in the present age. In that of *Augustus*, men paid in Verse and Prose the same Tribute to the Patron of the *Virtuosi*, the deceas'd *Mecenas*, whom your Majesty knows, better than I, by the general consent of all the Poets, to have been a very gallant Person. But how highly soever his Name may have been celebrated in the World, all the advantage he now hath of your Majesty, is only that of Precedence; and I would confidently venture all the little estate I have in the Kingdom of *Parnassus*, that your Majesty would have defeated all his Designs, and forc'd him to exasperation, as your Father the Great *Gustavus* would



would have done his Master *Augustus*, had they been to dispute the Empire of the Universe. But, *Madam*, if it be pardonable in a Person so much the object of pity, upon the account of Misery, as I am, to put questions to a great Queen, as you are, I would know, whether it be not sometimes inconvenient to your Majesty to be so highly a Heroine as you are? Extraordinary Merit hath also its inconveniences, and all these Dedicatories of Books, which we Poets would have to pass for Incense, with those whom we pretend to Heroify, are not always of the same value, nor have the same effect. There are some of those Drugs cast forth but little perfume, though much smoak; and I my self am in suspence, whether what I offer your Majesty, will pass in your Court for *Spanish* Balls, or common ones. The late Prince of *Orange* made use of them heretofore, and was never the worse for it: if your Majesty think them worth your approval in any degree, be not sparing of them; since all I have now left is only for Her, whom all the World unanimously acknowledges to have surpass'd in Merit all the Princes of past Ages, to eclipse all of the present, and to be an Example to those of the future. And

this is as true, as it is true, that I passionately am,

MADAME,

*Your Majesties most, &c.*

S.

LETTER XII.

*To \* \* \* .*

*My Lord,*

**I** Leave it to such as can, make greatest braggs of Health, and are most concern'd in your Affairs, to be more joyful than I am, at the recovery of your Liberty. I thought once to have said, That your Eminency could not have been more glad of it than I am; but that had been an extravagant expression. For the different traverses of Fortune make no disturbance in the Calmness and Serenity of your Mind; and if Adversity find you always on your Feet, Prosperity does not force you to go ever the faster. In fine, you are now, my Lord, got out of that obscure Dungeon, where you were

were so inconveniently lodg'd; and methinks (not derogating from the respect I owe those in whose power it is to assign such Lodgings) they are not well read in the Ceremonies of Entertainment, since they bring you out with a much greater respect and complement, then they had conducted you into that enchanted Palace. The applauses they receive for the latter will haply raise in them an inclination of receiving often the like: Heaven grant it be so, and me the happiness to see your Eminency at a place, where I may be heard, from my own Chair to yours, assuring you, that I am more than ever,

*Your Eminencies most, &c.*

S

LETTER XIII

To \* \* \*

*Madam,*

**I** Hear of your falling ill of a Tertian, if it come to a Quartan Ague, we shall have work enough for a whole Winter; for you

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this is as true, as it is true, that I passionately am,

MADAME,

*Your Majesties most, &c.*

S.

LETTER XII.

*To \* \* \**

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**I** Leave it to such as can, make greatest bragg of Health, and are most concern'd in your Affairs, to be more joyful than I am, at the recovery of your Liberty. I thought once to have said, That your Eminency could not have been more glad of it than I am; but that had been an extravagant expression. For the different traverses of Fortune make no disturbance in the Calmness and Serenity of your Mind; and if Adversity find you always on your Feet, Prosperity does not force you to go ever the faster. In fine, you are now, my Lord, got out of that obscure Dungeon, where you were

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*Your Eminencies most, &c.*

S

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LETTER XIII

*To \* \* \**

*Madam,*

**I** Hear of your falling ill of a Tertian, if it come to a Quartan Ague, we shall have work enough for a whole Winter, for you

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are



are not to question, but it will be as much a torment to me, as it is to you. I pray let me know how many fits you have had already, and what account your Physicians give of it, since you are like to see them first; and certainly it is a very extraordinary accident, that you know some things of me, four or five days before I hear them my self. I must needs have a great confidence of my strength, rack'd with affliction as I am, when I concern my self in, and participate of yours. I know not whether it had not been more prudently done of me, to have been distrustful of you, the first time that ever I saw you. I should have done so, and judg'd of it by the event: but what likelihood was there, that a young Maid should disturb the quiet Impotency of an old Batchelour, or ever fall under a suspicion of having given me so great a temptation, as that I should regret my not being in a condition to revenge my self? But away with flattery; I know you are sick, but not, whether you are so carefully attended as you should be. This very disquiet adds much to the trouble and affliction it is to me, that I am forc'd to love, and at the same see that it is the greatest madness in the world to do so? Ever and anon an humour

mour takes me to venture on a Journey into *Poitou*, through all the present extremity of weather, and many briars and thorns by the way, which if it can be effected in me otherwise than by Witchcraft, I shall side with the Modern Scepticks and Deists, and believe there never was any such thing. Return then, in the Name of God, return hither, and think it high time, when I am come to that degree of distraction, as to regret absent Beauties. I should have understood my self better, and consider'd, that I endure pain and torment enough, to become an absolute Cripple from head to foot, without being possess'd of that diabolical grief, called *The Impatience to see you*. 'Tis one of the most cursed sort of evil spirits. Do I not see how he torments poor Monsieur \* \* \* upon no other account, then that he sees not you, as often as he would, though he does it daily? The Letters he writes to us discover the despairing condition he is in, and I dare at this present lay a Wager on his damnation, not upon the score of his being a Heretick, but that of his loving you. Yet methinks you should discover some moderation in your conquests and think of some cessation of your hostility:

*Command, I say, your murth'ring eyes,  
To be less cruel then they were ;  
Or I shall call you Cockatrice,  
And not, as I was wont, my Dear.*

But why should I bring in my self as one of the Martyrs of your Cruelty? Be not so fond as to imagine any such thing, but rather that you are happy not to have ought to do with me. You will haply laugh at my menaces: but know, scornful Beauty, that there will be found some gallant Men, to engage in a service wherein the Publick is concern'd. Tell me, my darling, Have you renounc'd Christianity, and embrac'd Mahumetisme, that you seem to make the destruction of Mankind your divertisement? It must certainly be so; and yet there is one Humour remarkable in the more civiliz'd and religious part of the *Turks*, which is, that they are much addicted to Alms; but you are far from it, and have not the least charity in the world even for those who love you. You are therefore of no value, though you are made up of an intermixture of good and bad things. You verifie the Proverb beyond any one, *That all is not Gold that glisters*; and now it may be

be said, *That all Devils are not black.* And yet (see the Prerogative of Beauty) I cannot forbear acknowledging my self, more than any other,

*Madam,*

*Your most humble, and most obedient Servant,*

S.

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LETTER XIV.

*To \* \* \**

*My Lord,*

**I** Have understood from Monsieur *du Pin*, how kindly you have solicited his Majesty on my behalf, and what good offices you have endeavour'd to do me at Court, where your influence being so great, no doubt what you attempt will prove accordingly successful. All I have to offer to your consideration in this particular, is that you may find the opposing of my cross fortune a harder task than at first sight you imagine; since I cannot but fear it will give

D 4

you

you the dissatisfaction of not compassing once in your life, what your generosity had engag'd you to undertake. Yet, howe're you come off, my obligations to you will be as transcendent, as they can possibly be in a Person who has hardly the honour of being known to you, who never did you any service, who is incapable of doing any, and whom nevertheless you will needs take into your protection. Should I not be highly sensible of these surprizing kindnesses, there were no colourable excuse to be made for me, but that the wretchedness of my condition had reduc'd me to a more than ordinary stupidity. On the contrary, I am a great admirer of such persons as you are, and I begin to be troubled, that the approaching period of my life, will prevent my full knowledg of yours, which I should study with as much satisfaction, as I have done all those of the most Illustrious Men. Though I was never guilty of any natural inclination to be a great Courtier, yet am I one of those persons in the World, to whom some of the greatest in the Kingdom have many times made promises, and for the most part broken them. But that misfortune, attended by many others, shall not hinder by being content with my Fortune,

tune, if you are satisfy'd how intirely I  
am,

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER XV.

*To the Lord Bishop of Mans.*

*My Lord,*

I Am not dead, as the other eight Canons  
are, whose Prebendaries you have lately  
dispos'd of, and yet you have also given  
away mine. I should be much troubled, if  
they were no otherwise dead than I am;  
not but that I have a sufficient charity for  
my Neighbour; but if they had not been  
dead, Monsieur Costard, and Monsieur de  
l'Eslee, who haply are yet my Friends, would  
not have been Arch-Deacons and Canons.  
I know not how I came to put in that word  
*haply*; haply I had not us'd it, if I had con-  
sider'd what I was doing. If ever I have  
the honour to write to you again, I will  
send you the first draught of my Letter, lest  
I put any thing into it offensive to my Con-  
science. But to return to my Prebendary,  
since

since you have dispos'd of it, you ought to give me another for it, though it were only to make me some requital, for the time I have lost, in relying on the promises of your deceas'd Uncle, of happy Memory, and little mindfulness of his word. You know well enough what you have to do; but if I were in your condition, I should bestow a Benefice on a Person that were in mine, And indeed you have a sure Expedient to procure a vacancy, without burthen to your Conscience, or injury to good Manners, as was done by a Regular Eunuch named *Mortier*, Abbot of *Marmoustier*, and Uncle to the Abbot of *Euron*. This Master-Monk took occasion to poison a score of Priors at one Dinner; which Accident occasion'd the publishing of a Book, intituled, *The Method of procuring a Vacancy of Benefices*, written by the Reverend Father in God, &c. 'Tis a palpable sign that Old Age steals upon me, since I fall into the humour of telling little Stories. But it is in the Night time, and the Clock has struck Twelve, and the *Lavardins*, who are great Talkers, are no lovers of those who are so liberal of that Talent as themselves; and for my part, I am one of the greatest talkers of any within the compass of my acquaintance. It seems also,



so, by this Letter, that *I* am liberal enough in that of writing, and that *I* think the reckoning of my Censeffion will not be much enflam'd, by this dallying with one of the higher degrees of Reverence. Yet there is one thing *I* must not at this time forbear minding you of, now that you are in the Kingdom of your Fathers. It is, that you are to remember, my Friend *Menagius*, with all his great worth, hath very little advantage from the Revenues of the Church, and that you ought to procure his participation thereof. I am by this minded also of an oblivion of my own in this Letter, which is, that *I* have not scatter'd, *My Lord*, in several places of it, a complement due to a Prelate, as you are. But *I* shall not hereafter be chargeable with that omission, and if ever *I* write to you, *I* shall do it with all requisite Ceremonies, assuring you in the mean time, that *I* am,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble and most obedient Servant, and, what's more, Canon,*

SCARRON.

LETTER

## LETTER XVI.

*To his Eminency the Cardinal de Retz.*

*My Lord,*

**Y**OU have made me rich in despite of Fortune, by compassing your advancement to the Cardinal's Hat, with the defeating of all their Projects, who envy'd you that Grandeur. I have hazarded all my Estate in Wagers that you would attain that Dignity; it must therefore be mightily improv'd, if I have to do with Persons of Honour and tender of their engagements. 'Tis my humble Suit to Heaven, That yours may have the like augmentation, according to what disposal the Divine Providence shall think most convenient. Nor is it likely to be tedious in giving this Promotion of yours its full accomplishment, and that your new Dignity will be compleated with all the additional dependencies consequent thereto, for the conviction of all the World, that the Hand which made the Cardinals of *Amboise* and *Richelieu*, had not yet shewn all it could have done. Mean time, I only beg your assurance, that whether in *France*, the *Indies*, or what Climate soever my unhappy

happy Destiny disposes of me, I shall ever passionately be,

*Your Eminency's most humble, &c.*

S.

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LETTER XVII.

*To the Duke de Retz.*

*My Lord,*

**I**T may be you conceive a great self-satisfaction, when you reflect on your generosity. Dislodge that fond imagination; it is the most incommodious quality an Eminent Person can be guilty of, when he is so imprudent as to spin out his divertisement, in the company of such a Wretch as I am. We Writers are a strange sort of people; for where we are once oblig'd, we are importunate all the daies of our lives after. You bestow'd on me some days since the Works of Monsieur de Voiture; I am now to begg of you a thing of greater importance. I am acquainted with some Lords, whose countenances would change at these last words of my Letter; but they  
are

are not so terrible, as to frighten or startle a Duke *de Retz*; and I durst be sworn, he is as impatient to know what I desire of him, as I am assur'd of obtaining it. 'Tis this: A young Gentleman, whose name I find in the Catalogue of my choicest Friends, and one who at the age of twenty years hath been concern'd in twenty engagements, as noble as that of the *Horatij* and *Curatij*, and hath as great a reputation of Prudence as Gallantry, hath kill'd a vapouring Braggadochio, by whom he was forc'd to a Duel. He cannot procure his Pardon any where but in *Paris*, and he would fain be in safety there, meerly out of a repugnance he hath, to the severing of his head from the shoulders. I could prevail for his reception into the Palace of a great Prince; but for his entertainment there, as to provision, I can promise nothing; and I think starving: a greater misfortune, than to be in fear of having ones Throat cut by an Officer appointed for that purpose. But if you afford him the Sanctuary of your Roof, he will be in a condition to defie both; and you will have no small satisfaction, in taking into your protection a young Gentleman so much deserving it. Besides, you will have the greatest pleasure in the World, in seeing Candles

dles snuff'd with Pistol-bullets, as often as you shall think fit to be a spectator of that Divertisement: And I question not, but you will give me thanks, being as you are, the most generous of all Dukes, for finding you out so noble an occasion to exercise your Generosity; and I for my part, promise to supply you with the like as often as I can, and that, as soon as you have granted me what I now desire, I shall importune you daily, to imploy your interest and that of your Friends, to procure the pardon of mine. The *Burlesque* Muse will not be silent upon the obtaining of this favour, but will acquit her self well enough of an acknowledgment thereof; though hitherto she hath been little put to it upon a subject of this nature. I beg your pardon a thousand times for the tediousness of my Letter, and as often kiss your hands, remaining,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER

## LETTER XVIII.

*To the Count de Vivonne.*

*My Lord,*

WHILE you are taking your diversions in the Country, and haply killing Horses, in the pursuit of Hares, we have wanted your good wishes at a Wedding; which hath united two Warlike Nations, between whom the height of the *Apennines* made not so great a distance, as the difference of their Humours. I needed not to have sent you this Newes, since it is not to be imagin'd, but you know it already; yet since there is a necessity of my writing to you, I thought it not improper to begin with that great piece of Intelligence, meerly out of this reflection, that, if all other Records fail, Posterity may find the time of so remarkable an occurrence by the date of my Letter to you. Your next observation will be, that, notwithstanding this strange revolution, the City of *Paris* is much at the same rate as when you left it; that, for one rational person, there are a hundred thousand that are not such, nor  
ever

ever will be ; and that this is as true of the Women, as the Men. There is another inconvenience consequent to the removal of the Court ; which is, That they who smell of their dirty Shops where ere they go, presume to take the Wall of all they meer, and plead the prerogative of Birth and Breeding in the greatest City in the World. No Quarter of it, but has a Poet, good or bad ; nor House, where Company hath access, but is pester'd with vain and superfluous Talkers. Of these, mine hath the precedence, and I must bear all, without any other remedy than that of bemoaning my self, to see the afflictions of my Mind bear some proportion to the infirmities of my Body. For my part, the decaies of my condition are daily more and more observable, and I feel my self tow'd to my end faster than I could wish. I have a thousand pricking pains, or rather a thousand Legions of Devils in my Arms and Legs, and yet in that condition, I cannot reproach my self with any remission in the love I bear you. I know not how far it may contribute to that of my pain ; but this I am certain of, that you owe me a great measure of Esteem and Friendship, and that, if you do me Justice, I shall have this to brag of, that, towards the period of

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my days, I have made so advantageous an acquaintance as yours. I might very well think this a fair acquett, for a Person who cannot stirr from the place where he is set, and give a check to all further ambition; but you have given me so excellent a Character of Monsieur *Manchini*, that I shall never acquit you of the promise you have made me of the honour to be known to him. Yet must it be with this precaution, That he be not a man of many complements; for when I am forc'd to make any my self, or to receive them from others, I cannot forbear weeping, and am put out of countenance, to think what a loss they also are at, who will needs display their Eloquence, when they have to do with the object of universal compassion. In a word, I have as great an aversion for Complements, as most people have for Serpents, and Toads; and to assure you it is so, I shall conclude my Letter without making you any, and put a short period to a long Letter, by telling you that I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble and most  
obedient Servant,*

S.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

*To Monsieur Marigny.**Sir,*

**I** Must acknowledg my self orepress'd by the weight of so great an honour as that of being so much in the remembrance of a Prince; and that though I am the most wretched, and the most froward person that ever was, yet there have been general observations made of my alacrity, since I have receiv'd your assurances, that his Highness found some diversion in the reading of my Letters. I must impute it to a strange hazard, that they should be thought pleasant at *Brussels*; for he who writ them at *Paris* is a Person the most apt to be out of humour of any in the world. And who, with a mischief could be otherwise, plac'd in the same circumstances as I am? True it is, that some express a certain esteem for me; many take occasion to compassionate the hardness of my Fortune; but how few endeavour to alleviate it? In the mean time

*Gray hairs, affliction, discontent,  
Poison all my divertisement;*

E 2

*Pist*

*Past ills, the present, those to come,  
Hasten my course to my long home.*

WHEN I bethink my self, that I was once handsome enough to deserve the respects of the *Bois-Roberts* of my time; when I reflect that I have been healthy enough till the Twenty seventh year of my age, to have drunk after the rate of a *German*; that I am still as sound within, as that I can drink of all Liquors, and eat of all sorts of Meat, with as much unreservedness and indifference, as the greatest Epicureans; when I bethink my self, that my apprehensions are not faint, pedantick, or impertinent; that I am free from ambition and avarice, and that if Heaven had continu'd me the use of those Legs, which have perform'd their part well in a Dance, and those hands which have been well skill'd in Drawing, and playing on the Lute; and in fine a very streight Body; so that I might have liv'd a happy, though somewhat an obscure life; I assure you, my dear Friend, that if it had been lawful for me to have been my own Executioner, I had long since wasted my self in a *Socratick* draught into the other World. Nay I am somewhat of a persuasion, that I must come to it in time.

O'rewhelm'd

*Orewhelm'd with sadness, grief, and misery,  
Far beyond all support of Constancy,  
Admitting not the hope of any rest,  
But what in a deep grave may be possess'd;  
My restless thoughts continually dilate  
Themselves on the disasters of my Fate.  
But what avail imprudent exclamations?  
'Tis vain with Heav'n to make expostulations.*

*For if the Pow'rs above do so decree,  
To punish my licentious Poetry,  
That, from the fatal minute of my birth,  
I should be wretched, till I'm turn'd to earth,  
Far be't from me, their Orders to oppose,  
But court their favour in submissive Prose.*

This shall be the last fally of my Poetick vein, it lay so heavy on my heart, that I could not be at ease, till I had disburthen'd my self of it. And to make you further reparation for the trouble I give you by the peevishness of this Letter, I send you six Stanza's which I have added to the *Baronade*. The News spread abroad of the *Spanish Paralytick*, who is to challenge me upon the score of reputation, hath found those whom I have acquainted with it very good sport. There has not yet been 50000 *Li-*

vers bestow'd in *Spanish* Grammars, as you say, though the *Spanish* Tongue was never so corrupted as it hath lately been at *Paris*. I am extreamly oblig'd to you for the pains you take to supply me with *Spanish* Comedies. I wish, &c.

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## LETTER XX.

*To the same Monsieur Marigny.*

*Sir,*

**N**Ever was two-legged or two-handed Creature hurry'd into such a degree of exasperation as I am at this time, that, when you thought I might find his Highness the Prince some divertisement, my claw-like hand is grown so rebellious, that I cannot command it to write. For, as if all my other afflictions were not torment enough to me, I must make what shift I can to tell you, that for above a month now past, I have had a continual conflict with the Gout, which like *Prometheus's* Vulture has fed upon me without the least remorse, or consideration of my other infirmities. And what do you imagine I can do amidst the racking twitches it gives me? Or how should

should I resent the malicious visit it makes me at this time, when the Prince himself is expos'd to the jerks of the same inexorable disease? All I can do, is to fancy to my self, that I come not behind *Job* in miseries, though I may do it in patience. It makes me so inventive in the faculty of swearing, that I think, without ostentation, I could out-swear any man in *France*; though at other times, I place that amongst the most superfluous Transgressions, and I must acknowledge it to be so now, for any thing I am the better for it. Certainly, if the greatness of the torment which occasions it, does not expiate the crime, as I can hear, so shall I in the next World be the most wretched of all Mankind. For sometimes my furious transports are so like those of a damned Soul, that if a commanded party of Devils were coming for me, I think I should endeavour to meet them half-way. I doubt they are coming, for I begin to feel the first accesses of a dreadful fit, and therefore must take a short leave of you, and leave you to imagine the rest with &c.

## LETTER XXI.

*To the same.*

SIR,

Y Our writing to me has given me the greatest satisfaction I could have expected. My generous Friends are all the Estate I have in this World; and when you assure me that you are of that number, I cannot forbear assuring you again, That you give me a greater occasion of rejoycing, than I shall derive from the *General Peace*, which is now so near its conclusion. The comparison will possibly, at first sight, seem weak to you, and I must acknowledg, that the Affairs of *Europe* might change face a hundred times, ere ever mine look any better. But I am over head and ears in desires, to see your Prince once more in *France*, though it were only for this reason, That *France* is this Year but poorly furnish'd with Princes, and yet there are as many as ever there were, and the subsequent years will haply prove no better than this: and if I have my satisfaction in that, I shall have it also, in embracing my tall, my corpulent, and my fat Monsieur——. For



I question not, but strong Beer has made some additional to his former bulk. But is it possible, the great and Heroick *Condé* should know, that I am yet among the living? My Friend *Guenault* told me so, and that he had seen lying upon his Table the Second Part of my *Comical Romance*. It put me into such an humour, as I never was in twice before; I was so transported with Heroick thoughts of my self, and if my Diseases had not fasten'd me to my Chair, I would have stollen upon him to see how he would have been frighted at the monstrous appearance of the Author. These Heroes are an odd sort of people, and would be worth the whistling after, if they could but be brought to love the indigent part of Mankind, as well as the others love them. As for yours, he seems to have heroify'd himself a hundred times over, since he has taken upon him the Conduct of our Invincible Troops; and it may be said of him, That if he were a great Prophet in his Country, where the Scripture sayes that no man is, he prov'd much more such a one in a strange Country. If he take the pains to read any thing of the five Epistles, in Verse, which you receive herewith, be pleas'd to let me know what he sayes of them.

them. The *Melancholy Invektive* comes piping hot out of my Study, the others were the last Years productions. 'Tis pity the Person who is the subject of it had not been some more notorious Rascal. But this is only a damn'd Tax-gatherer, who owes me six hundred Pistols, and would conscientiously chowse me of that small Summe. You tell me of a Lady that's fallen in love with me, I intreat you to give her timely notice, that my Diseases have rendred me of so irregular a Figure, that Women with Child are forbidden access to me, for fear of Monstrous Births, and Miscarriages. But for your part, I adjure you to be kind to

*Your*

Lazarillo di Tormes.

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LETTER XXII.

To the Mareſhall D'Albret.

*My Lord,*

**Y**OU are not to be ſo much bemoan'd by others, as you imagine to your ſelf, ſince that if your abſence, or exile, or what elſe you pleas'd to call it, were not voluntary, you might eaſily find an occaſion to quit the Campagne: But it is to be fear'd, that ſome beautiful Eyes at *Xaintonge* have made a conqueſt over yours, and you have the ambition to have your Military *Trophies* interwoven with *Points de Venize*. Your Friends therefore here are much more to be bemoan'd than you are, and their complaints are more preſſing. For my part, I am clearly daſh'd out of all countenance. When you were pleas'd to honour me with your Viſits, I thought it the greateſt happineſs I could make by braggs of. The appearance of your Coach at my little door rendered it venerable to all the Inhabitants of the Street I live in, and I am told, that it procur'd me the envy of ſeveral great Gates, whoſe Owners think themſelves better accommodated to entertain Perſons of your Quality.

Quality. Nay, the standing of *Rincy's* Coach at the same place some time since, does still keep my Neighbours in awe: but it is to be fear'd, that they will forget themselves again, if some Courtiers make not a speedy return to *Paris*, and, till yours happen, keep up our glory and repute, which, for want of such Visitants, is much eclips'd. But though it should be so darkned, as that I might never recover ought of my former lustre, yet is it possible, that a man may be comforted with a little Philosophy. But the case is quite otherwise, when a man is forc'd to be Six months together without seeing the persons he loves. Were it not for the kindness of your writing to me sometimes, I should soon make it known to all the World, by a generous act of despair, that my Heroes are not such Idols, as a fantastical humour, or Time can destroy; that *Madam Scarron* speaks against her Conscience, or knowes not well the internal concerns of a man, with whom she spends the best part of her life, when she tells you, that my affection to you will not last above Six Months. That will be try'd by the effect. But now I speak of Heroes, you tell me, that Monsieur the *Surintendant*, who is also one of my Heroes, and which is more, my only Benefactor,

Benefactor, will take his way through *Pont*. I question not but you will recommend to him the concerns of your humble Servant, and the conclusion of his fatal Affair. There never was a more favourable opportunity for the settlement of it; *Julian Colas* the most insolent person that ever got his livelihood by the retayling of Bread and Wine, and one that would prefer the most despicable Carman, or Porter, before the greatest *Virtuoso* in the Kingdom, and the only person who obstructed the establishment of my affair, has taken his last draught in this mortal life. The Unloaders are as desirous to see it establish'd, as I am my self. But M<sup>onsieur</sup> the *Surintendant* has told our Friend *Pelisson*, that it could not be compleated till after the return of the Court. 'Tis possible, his late being there may have somewhat advanc'd it, and that the most wretched person, of all those to whom he has shewn any kindness, will soon be at some ease in his Mind, and will find himself out of danger of dying, for want of employment for his Jaws. Madam *Scarron* has been at St. *Mandé*'s. She is extremely pleas'd with the Civil Entertainment she receiv'd from Madam the *Surintendant*'s Lady, and I find her so smitten with her attractions, that

## 62 Scarron's *Letters*.

that there is some suspicion there might be a little touch of impurity in the interview. But that danger must be the less, since she cannot wait upon her as often as she wishes, because, for want of a Coach, she cannot go abroad, but when her Friends are pleas'd to take her along with them. I am forc'd to write things to you that have no relation to your Concerns, for want of something that has. When I meet with any more worthy your knowledg, you will hear further from

*My Lord,*

*Your most Submissive of all  
your Adorers,*

S.

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### LETTER XXIII.

*To the same.*

*My Lord,*

**W**E must needs be extreemly exhaust-  
ed of Advertisements, when we can  
only tell you, That *Ban-can*, and *Charleval*  
are

are still in *Normandy*, and that Madam *de Martel*, and her Daughter, return'd hither but yesterday. Yet is there a necessity, that I should send you a large Letter, and that I should give some assurance, at least by the endeavours I shall use to divert you, as far as one of my Letters can do it, that it is not altogether my fault, if I do not stand you in some stead. You must therefore give me leave to catch at any thing that offers it self: and though the spectacles of the violent dissolutions which are seen at the *Greve*, are not things that can be recommendably communicated to the knowledg of a Person of your Quality, yet shall I not stick, out of pure sterility of matter, to give you an account of what has happen'd there. There has been lately, for several dayes together, so much hanging, and breaking of persons on the Wheel, that the common Executioner himself is weary of his Office, Madam \*\*\* who, next to Monsieur \*\*\*\* is not so much pleas'd at any sight, as that of publick Executions, begins to be cloy'd with the divertisement, and will hardly be seen this good while in the *Greve* again. The Martyrs are all of the true *Parisian* breed, most of them the Sons of that kind of Cooks, who sell only Roast-meat, because they



they have no convenience for any other way of Cookery. They were convicted of the robbing of Coaches and Sedans, and other Crimes ordinarily committed in the Night-time, and many of other denominations in the faculty of Stealing, are in great danger of dying in the Air. I am to tell you, by way of Digression, That the Cockneys of *Paris*, my Countrymen, are valiant enough, more apt to steal, then beg, as being of a very patibulary inclination. But now I am fallen upon the subject of violent Deaths, I cannot forbear giving you the relation of one, which was not so ignominious, as that of the foresaid Criminals, yet was not less cruel. Before I come into the Story, you are to understand, by way of preadvertisment, that the next subsequent days after Sundays, and Festival days, there is a great scarcity of all Provisions at *Charenton*, and particularly of new bread above all things. 'Twas upon a Munday, not long since, that the Impetuous *Du Rincy*, the Eloquent *Pelisson*, the Incomparable *Scudery*, and the Discreet Madam *Bocquet*, about half an hour past Ten in the Morning, sent a Messenger express to the beautiful *Izar*, who some days before had retir'd to *Charenton*, for the Air's sake, to tell him, that they

they would dine with him that day, and that he should not give himself the trouble of getting any thing but a good *Potage* and a *Desert*, for as to Meat they would bring it along with them from the Cooks. *Izar*, and a certain Advocate of the Counsel, named *Du Mas*, whom he had taken for his Country-Companion, during that retreat, beset and bestir themselves for the more splendid Reception of so great a Party of Illustrious Persons, for we do not every day see four such together. To give a greater fortification to the *Potage*, they put in three Pullets, and a considerable quantity of green Pease; and while a certain person is sent away Post to *Bagnolet*, for Raspices, they employ the most experienc'd Pastry-Cooks of *Charenton*, in the making of Tarts and Cakes. The Cloath is laid in the Garden, and to take away the scent of the Lavender, wherein the Linnen had long lain, the Table, Cloth, and Napkins, are all bestrew'd with such Flowers newly gather'd as the Garden afforded. About Noon the Quintessence of all that dare assume to themselves the title *Ingenious*, or *Virtuoso*, arrive at *Charenton*. *Du Rincy*, as soon as he was got out of the Coach, went directly into the Kitchen, where he is little satisfy'd with the

F

Potage.

Potage, much less with the diligences and sollicitude of *Izar* and *Du Mas*, in all the preparations they had made, and speaks thereof with so great indignation, superciliousness, and authority, that *Du Mas* began thereupon to respect and to fear him. They who had a mind to wash their hands, did so; and all sat down. *Du Rincy* slighting the Country-Soupe, would have broke one of the Loaves; but finding it hard and stale, he flings it at an Apricock Tree that stood near him, and renders it incapable of bearing fruit any more, having bruis'd the greater branches of it. He goes to break a second loaf, which he finds of the same date of baking, and consequently as far from being new as the other, and with the same vigour and promptitude he flings it at another Tree. In short, with six or seven loaves, which he found equally hard and stale, he lames so many Fruit-Trees, to the great discontent of the Mistress of the house, who made extraordinary clamours at the desolation of her Garden. *Du Rincy*, in the mean time, was not in the least concern'd at it, save only that he protested, no body should eat, till he had new bread brought him. They sent to all the Bake-houses about the Town, till at last they came to one, where

where they were taking the bread out of the Oven, which was brought to *du Rincy*, piping hot, and smoaking, so that the rest of the Company went and gather'd up the loaves amongst the bruis'd branches, which were more eatable than the new bread, which burnt their Lips. The brisk deportment of *Du Rincy*, both as to action and discourse, extreamly surpriz'd the Advocate *Du Mas*, and the imperious Aire of his Countenance was no less dreadful to him. From that very time, he always had *Du Rincy* in his imagination. He never slept without turbulent Dreams, and those Dreams were never without *Du Rincy*. In fine, the very fright he took at the demeanour of *du Rincy* put him into a Feaver, and that Feaver prov'd so violent, that it carty'd him off in less than fifteen days, and he dy'd in a raving and distracted condition, talking perpetually of *Du Rincy*. And this, my Lord, is all the account of our Concerns, that I can send you at the present. Madam *Scarron* sayes, that she cannot find any inclination in her self to write to you, till she meets with something that is divertive in your Letters. That reflection makes me think, that if you are as much afflicted at *Pons*, as you were at *Paris*, my Letter will be impertinent.

inent, and most unseasonable. But Time, yet much more your own Reason, will ere this have wrought their ordinary effect, upon an affliction that admits of no remedy. I send you my second Epistle. The *Acropagus* of good Judges in this Profession, will have it to be better than the former: but I am not of their opinion. I am still in expectation of the effects of Monsieur the *Sur-intendant's* fair promises.

*Post-script.*

**I**T were very unseasonable at this time to speak to you of a thing which I should wish that you had forgotten. Yet can I not forbear telling you, that I, certainly, am, of all the World, the person who has been most concern'd at the misfortune that has happen'd to you, and, upon that occasion I found, that I have for you all the sentiments which I ought to have, for the most generous Person in *France*, and one to whom I am the most oblig'd.

## LETTER XXIV.

*To the same.**My Lord,*

**A**FTER the Pastey you were pleas'd to send me, I have also receiv'd your excellent Cheeses. I am apt to imagine, that you have made it your design, to sustain us with the best things that can be made, in their kind. Your Liberality has been communicated to all my Fellow-Commoners, who are not the most inconsiderable persons in the World, upon the score of their good qualities. At the consumption of your Present, we liberally drunk the health of our grand Benefactor. As for the Pastey, it was as good as ever came out of Oven, and the Cheeses were such as the best Dairy in the World, and that order'd by the most experienc'd Dairy-Woman in the World, could have afforded. For my part, without any diminution of the Commendations which your noble Presents deserve, give me leave, to recreate my self upon the Letter you were pleas'd to honour me with, and to tell you, that there is not any thing in that kind could have been more gallant,

or more ingenious. Among other passages, that, where you tell me, that *you leave to those of transcendent Wits the care of diverting mine, and that you make it your business, only to divert my gust.* I leave it to the most expert in the Chimistry of Complements to write more smartly upon such a subject. By this may it be seen, my Lord, that you have an insatiable ambition, and that not being content with the Military Glory you have acquir'd during the Warr, you would also in the times of Peace carry away from us poor Pensioners of the Pen, the Trophies of Literature. I wish I had somewhat of News to write to you. All the talk about *Paris* is, that *Meneville's* sickness is very dangerous, and that all the Courtiers are like to return to *Paris*, save only the Marechal de *Villeroy*. As soon as I have any thing worth the writing to you, I shall make it appear, by that only small service which I am capable to render you, how much I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER



## LETTER XXV.

*To the same.**My Lord,*

I Have no certain account of your reception of a Letter of Eight and twenty Pages, which I writ to you by the last Ordinary: however, you will excuse me, if this be so much the shorter. And because it is so, it comes to you attended by my Epigrams against B \* \* \* \* \*, and tells you withal, that I shall send the Baronade by the next Post. I now send you also a Ballad, which may pass Muster; some Verses of M. *Benferade's*, being a Continuation of those he made upon the Peace; and a Sonnet of Exultation, made by a young Lais of Nineteen years of age, whose name is \* \* \* \*. 'Tis to be lamented that she is not as pretty, as I think her well inclin'd. I expect, with as much impatience as the *Jewes* do the *Messias*, the effects of M. the *Surintendant's* promises. A man may languish, while he hopes: nay sometimes he may suffer; and delays in such affairs never come to any good, but are for the most part dangerous and prejudicial. But, it was never yet my

fortune to obtain any thing of happiness, without the conquest of incredible obstructions. Be pleas'd to pardon this melancholy reflection, in a wretched person who is ready to starve. Threescore and sixteen days have I been in continual hostility with a hard Frost. The Duke of *Orleans* is out of all hopes of recovery. Yesterday morning, the Duke of *Lorraine* took Post for *Bloss. Villarcean* is still a Prisoner in the *Bastile*, though the Mareschals of *France*, who conducted him thither, had put him in hopes, that he should only make a Visit to the place, and come out again. This is all I have to say to you at the present. If there be any of my Letters which have not been employ'd in the lighting of fire, or put to some other culinary use, I desire you would send them to me. I shall find some fragments therein, which may be ornamental to the Collection I am now putting into the Press. I am,

*Your, &c.*

S

**LETTER**

## LETTER XXVI.

*To \* \* \* \* \***My Lord,*

**I**T belongs only to those of your House to make the highest demonstrations of kindness and generosity that can be made. Monsieur the Procurator General, your Brother, has settled a Pension upon me, without the least application, or so much as a previous desire on my side, for his so doing; and you were pleas'd to give me a visit, without any person's Solicitation on my behalf, to induce to a guilt of so great a consideration. What can I do less then acknowledge my self your humblest Captive, upon a favour done me with so great a surprize? I would make you a greater present then that of my self, were it in my power; but you must be content with that, since I make it with so good a heart, that you must needs have a very hard one of your own, if you do not vouchsafe it a reception, and give me leave withal, while  
I am

I am in this World, to let it know, that it is not without reason I assume the quality of

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

SCARRON.

LETTER XXVII.

*To Monsieur Procurator-General, and  
Surintendant of the Finances.*

*My Lord,*

**I**T argues, at the first blush, a great indigence of civility, in a person so insignificant and superfluous in the World as I am, to importune you, who are perpetually imploy'd about the publick concerns, to do me a kindness. But I conceive my my self to be already in a fair way of receiving somewhat of that nature, and you have already given me so many assurances of the kindness you have for me, and the compassion, which the misfortunes under which I groan, have rais'd in you, that without using the Mediation of those Persons

sons who are most dear to you, and are pleas'd to honour me with their good wishes; I am sufficiently presumptuous, upon the interest I have in you my self, to beg a favour of you. It is one of those which you sometimes grant, as you will find by the Petition you receive herewith, and which I desire you will be pleas'd to look upon a person with all the favour you can. It is for a Relation of my Wifes, remarkable for his constant fidelity to his Majestie's Service, and one who is of an obstinate perswasion, that you have a respect for me. It will ly upon you, my Lord, to let him know, that he is not mistaken; and upon me, to make all *France* sensible, that you are not only the most experienc'd Person of this Age in State-Affairs, but have also that more endearing quality, of being, of all men, the most generous, particularly to

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVIII.

*To the same.*

*My Lord,*

I Heard not till yesterday of the great loss that has happen'd to you ; and yet, considering the short time I have had to be afflicted thereat, I have acquitted my self as well as those who had the knowledg of it much more sooner than my self. I have great reason to charge Monsieur *de Chaulne*, with his negligence in not giving me a more timely advertisement thereof, that I might have had the advantage of being one of the first, to make a discovery, how much I am concern'd in whatever relates to you. This no doubt is a mischievous turn, which my implacable ill fortune has done me, alwaies endeavouring to render me deficient in the duty I owe you, purposely to make me unworthy of the assistances I receive from you, which are such as I never receiv'd from any other. Monsieur *des Marés*, who yesterday honour'd me with a Visit, will, if he please, assure you of the affliction it was to me, that I should be ignorant of what all the World knew.

knew. He put me into the confidence of writing an extemporary Sonnet, which I made some difficulty to send you, out of a fear of renewing your grief. But, at last, I chose rather to run the hazard of doing a thing unseasonably, than that of seeming indifferent in an affliction, whereof you must needs be so sensible I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your, &c.*

## LETTER XXIX.

*To the same.*

*My Lord,*

**I** Was but too true a Prophet, to my sorrow, when I heretofore writ to you, that my misfortune could not be overcome by any person of generosity and prevalence not equivalent to yours. It still stands out against you, though it be a considerable time since you first took it into task. Some eight dayes since my Lord Chancellour was pleas'd to strike out my Fatal Affair, the Proposals made by Mons. *Doubles*, conceiving



ceiving haply, that it would be a new grievance upon the People. It was concerning those Persons that should be impowr'd to oversee the unloading of Carts, and it would have been an easie matter, if some would have taken the pains to do it, to make it appear to him, that the function of Unloaders or Dischargers is so far from being a charge or grievance, that it is a publick convenience, and has establish'd it self, time out of mind; that without it, a thousand Carts and Waggons would remain at the Gates of the City without getting in, because it is not thought fit that the Waggoners should be trusted with the Money due for their entrance, and that the Dischargers should pay, and be answerable for them, and conduct them to the Houses of Merchants and Citizens, whose habitations the others are ignorant of, and discharge the Commodities at their own perils; That the money which is given them, is not exacted, but voluntarily given, as a kind of Largess, bestow'd only by those that are willing, without any obligation forcing them thereto; And, in short, that it pass'd at the *Guild-Hall* of the City, as soon as the Provost of Merchants, who, before had oppos'd it, for want of thoroughly examining the

the

the affair, was fully satisfy'd, that there was a necessity of creating those functions into Offices, and that they ought to be exercis'd, by Persons who had settled habitations, and took their Oaths before him, for the due execution of their Charges, because people of all conditions employ'd themselves therein, even to Souldiers of the Foot-Guards; and that while those Rascals were quarrelling at the Gates, to get the custome one from the other, and went a League out of *Paris*, to prevent one the other's getting of it, the Waggoners remain'd at the Gates, without either being discharg'd, or getting into the City, to the prejudice of Waggoners, and the Merchants. And now, my Lord, I think you are as well instructed in the Affair of the Unloaders, as I am my self; and I would to God, my Lord Chancellor had had the same account of it. I should have sufficiently satisfy'd him therein, if I had had but notice of what has happen'd, or rather, if I had not been afraid to have my name mention'd in that affair, contrary to my intention. My Lord, I beg your pardon for the tediousness of the relation I am forc'd to make you, since you might have done well enough without it: but it is always observable, that when a  
mise.

miserable person has some affair wherein he is deeply concern'd, he derives a priviledg from that misery, to be talking of it. This is the last hope of my Wife and my self, and I must needs tell you, that I should hardly admit of any consolation, if I did not represent to my self, that I serve a Master, whose promises are inviolable, and one who is able to do me right. Yet can I not stave off the discontent, occasion'd by so sensible a disappointment. For, my Lord, if you but imagine what will become of us, if this Affair miscarries, you would not be much astonish'd at the despair of *Monf. Vissins* and my self, since there will be a great probability that our mouths may be sow'd up. By this, you may measure how long I shall be,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER

## LETTER XXX.

*To the same.*

*My Lord,*

I Cannot imagine to my self a better way to requite Monsieur *Pelisson* for his kindness in speaking to you concerning my Affair, and in giving me an account of the obliging answer you were pleas'd to make him; then in communicating to you the short Complement he has written to me upon it. He therein so handsomely discovers the true sentiments he has for you, that I think, I do him a very kind office, by telling you so, without his knowing any thing of it; and yet haply he would be glad that you knew it, provided it were done without his hazarding himself to tell you so. It is a difficult matter to speak of you, even though it were done to your self, without falling into your praises; and it is as difficult to give you any without displeasing you, and yet much more difficult to forbear giving them. I should therefore wish, as to my own particular, that somebody would do so much for me, as to tell you, that you are the most generous Person

G

in

in the World, and that all the Favours you do me, go infinitely beyond the intreaties I make for them. But will not your Lordship suspect the good office which I think to do my Friend, may not have the tincture of some concern to my self? And will you not be apt to imagine, that to shew you his Letter, and give it the great Commendations I do, is, in some sort, a dextrous way of making use of his reflections, that I might the better express my own, without running the hazard of doing any violence to your modesty? I must acknowledg there is something of that in the wind, but since it has not been in my power to conceal it from you, be pleas'd to imagine, by this ingenuous confession, the sincerity of my Soul, and assure your self, that I am, above all others,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXL

*To the same.**My Lord,*

I Am uncertain, whether you will be in a condition to read my Letter. The last time I sent to enquire of your health, the account I receiv'd was, That you were not fully recover'd of an indisposition which had, for some time, confin'd you to your Chamber. It will be no hard matter for you to imagine, what alarms that ill news must bring to a man, who at the present is oblig'd to you for all he has in the World, and who, without you, would be more wretched than he is, though his misfortunes be in a manner beyond all example: Those who have honour'd me with their love, as you have done, may have been themselves fully satisfy'd, that my affection for them has been very great, and it is not to be thought, that I should now begin to be ungrateful, towards the most generous Person of all those who ever had pity on me. I think every hour a thousand, till I get to *Paris*, to take my Oath of fidelity to you, which I have not yet done. Mean

G z

time,

# 84 Scarron's Letters.

time, I humbly beseech you to compleat the Favour, whereof you have made a beginning in the business of the Waggon, and to procure that Justice be done to those, to whom that Affair has been confirm'd. Monsieur *Poncet* will make a Report of it on Saturday next, if the Councel sits. They who are prosecuted are fully convinc'd, that there are above four thousand *Livers* due to the King, and it is a concern that may extend much further, as you will find by the account which the Bearer of this Letter is able to give you of it. I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

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## LETTER XXXII.

*To the same.*

*My Lord,*

**I**F there be not some great self-satisfaction in obliging people, I know not upon what grounds you should do me any kindness.



# Scarron's *Letters*. 85

ness. I am not a person any way useful to you, and I dare not wish that I were, lest I should make a wish that might be disadvantageous to you. Nor am I so fondly conceited of my self, as to hope that I can contribute much to your divertisement, since I cannot have the honour of coming near you, or making my self otherwise known to you, then as all others know me, to be, even in this life, not much inferiour in torments, to a damned Soul, and sometimes by the making of Books, that is (by the permission of God Almighty) by being one of the greatest inconveniences that can happen to Mankind. But though I should be Master of some Qualities that were more considerable, and though a particular acquaintance of many years standing should have brought me into some favour with you, and that I should cultivate that favour by a constant Commerce of Letters; yet would all this amount to little, if the Affairs of the publick Ministry be so pressing upon you, as that you cannot afford them the reading. Well, my *Lord*, these Reflections give me a great deal of trouble, as often as the remembrances of your Liberality raise them in me; and I am extreamly out of countenance, to think that I cannot preserve

serve my self in your memory, otherwise then by the miserable Productions of a Mind, which, by reason of a Body much more miserable, and a Destiny yet more miserable than that ruin'd Body, must not ever expect much tranquility. But, now I speak of those Productions of the Mind, am I to believe, that you lik'd my Fable of *Hero* and *Leander*? Monsieur de Chaulne would perswade me to believe it; but possibly, it was only his kindness to flatter an indispos'd person. I humbly beg your Lordships condescension so far, as to give me under your own hand an approbation of it, which I shall prefer before that of all the Academists in the World, or that by your Censure thereof, I may so much the better know my self. Howere it happen, I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXIII.

*To the same.**My Lord,*

**T**He favour you were pleas'd to do me, in not slighting the *Comedy* which I dedicated to you, was enough to induce me to be absolutely at your disposal, without any necessity of your having engag'd me further by a new obligation. I think it one way to give you my thankfulness for it, when I acknowledg, that I cannot sufficiently do it; and that I more fully express my resentment by that confession, than by all the Complements in the World. I am,

*My Lord,**Your, &c.*

S.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*To the same.**My Lord,*

**I** Am so far from deserving the kindness you have lately done me, that I should have been much surpriz'd thereat, if I had not already receiv'd other assurances of your Liberality, or if I were the only person in the Nation who knew not, that you are continually obliging all the World. All I desire at present is, to conjure you into a perswasion, that the resentments I have thereof, are the greatest I am capable of. But, my Lord, if, on the one side, I am overjoy'd to see that all the Affairs of State, the management whereof lies upon your shoulders, divert you not from thinking of mine; so, on the other, it is no small affliction to me, that I can neither forbear speaking of your munificence, without ingratitude, nor publish it without raising a certain jealousy, that it is not so much out of inclination, as interest, that I have ever been, and ever shall be,

*My Lord,**Your, &c.*

S.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXV.

*To the same.**My Lord,*

**W**E never saw any Surintendant in *France* belov'd and esteem'd, as you are; and the reason is, that we have not seen any so generous and obliging, as you are: but I doubt you pay dearly for it, and that cannot acquire so noble a reputation, without the enduring of great importunities. For my part, it would be a continual remorse to me, that I have been importunate through the whole course of my life, and that I am not in a way to reform, if I did not at the same time see the wealthiest persons, and those of the highest quality, beg favours of you with less reservedness and caution than I do, though they have not so much right to pretend to your kindnesses, as such an unfortunate man as I am, whom you have promis'd to give his Mind some tranquility. That, my Lord, is an enterprize worthy your great Self, and that you may the sooner be satisfy'd that you have compleated it, I recommend to you my Concerns in the Affair of the *Debens*.

Your

Your Lordship may be pleas'd to remember, that it was upon my entreaty, you granted the confirmation of it. The persons, for whom I solicited your furtherance of it, proffer'd me a small part in the Affair; but, when I consider that I am but slowly happy in all my undertakings, and that I could not imagine it should come to what it now is, I chole rather to content my self with the payment of six hundred Pistols, which they have promis'd, by a writing to that purpose, out of the first mony that shall be receiv'd. I have now neither any concern in the affair, nor the mony, which had been promis'd me for the facilitation of it. If your Lordship will but vouchsafe to speak one word to the Projector who is to have the benefit of it, I shall have either the one, or the other, or both. I question not but you will grant me that favour, since I am, more than any other,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXVI.

*To the same.**My Lord,*

**I** Take the liberty to make a request to you with as much confidence, as if, after the courtship of many years standing, I had done you some service of great importance. But persons of your quality, that is, such, whose generosity is so transcendent as yours, are not only forward to oblige their Servants, and their Friends, but their favours are extended also to all those that stand in need thereof. They are the perpetual Sanctuaries and Protectors of the Unfortunate, and the constant Repairers of their Breaches; and for your own part, my Lord, I think there passes not a day, but some distressed Knight or Lady comes to beg a Boon of you. I intreat you therefore, as an unfortunate person, and one, who, of all the World has the greatest honour for you, to grant me one. 'Tis only, this, my Lord, that you would use your persuasions to the Provost of the Merchants, to forbear opposing the establishment of certain Offices relating to good Government, of which  
Offices



Offices I have acquir'd the propriety. 'Tis an Affair which would contribute highly to the establishment of my Concerns, and supply me with four or five thousand Livres of annual Rent. But my unhappy Destiny, which does not let slip the least occasion of doing me an ill turn, has rais'd up a Poly-pragmatical fellow, who without any engagement in the Affair himself, has preposess'd the Provost, and made him averse to the design. I have employ'd, to sollicite him, Monsieur the President *de Guenegant*, who had been so kind as to take along with him Monsieur *de Franquetot*, and my Wife; but his recommendation of the business has prov'd less prevalent then a bare *Factum*. I expect a quite different effect from the Letter, which I intreat you to write to him, and to send by some one of your own Menial Servants. It will be sufficient, if he does but know, that I have the honour of being known to you, to raise in him a thought of my being a person worth obliging. But if you will be farther pleas'd to tell him, That you look not on me with an indifferent eye, he will make my affair his own, since he will conceive it in some sort to be yours, and you will have this satisfaction thereby, that the most zealous of  
your

## Scarron's Letters.

your Servants will not be the pooreſt of that number, and conſequently, that it may ſpare you much of the future addreſſes, which you muſt otherwiſe expect from,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt humble, &c.*

S.

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### LETTER XXXVII.

*To the ſame.*

*My Lord,*

**T**Hough you are the moſt experienc'd perſon of all thoſe that are now entrusted with the management of State-Affairs, yet you muſt give me leave to tell you, that you did not thoroughly reflect on what you did, when you would needs make me believe, and that by the moſt obliging Letter in the world, that I had ſome place in your Affection. Unfortunate perſons, ſuch as I am, are many times importunate, contrary to the bent of their own Inclinations;

tions; and generous persons, such as you are, have sometimes occasion to repent of their being too highly generous. After what you have already done for me, which was enough to make me your most humble, . . . . . most obedient . . . . . most observant . . . . . and most oblig'd Creature, as long as *I* should continue in this wretched state of mortality, (though the success should not prove answerable to my expectation) *I* should not have had any ground to importune you any further, if the calamity of my condition did not in some sort give me that privilege, or if *I* were not encourag'd thereto, by a consideration that your Generosity is not tir'd out. But, my Lord, that has promis'd so much, that I cannot harbour the least fear of my ever desiring too much of you; besides that the Affair, whereof I beg your facilitation on my behalf, is one of those that seldom deny'd in Council. It is contributory to good Government, it brings considerable Summes in a short time into the Exchequer; and if it succeed, I shall have as great reason to celebrate the greatness of your benefits, as I do already that of your Civility. But whateer may happen to  
me,

me, I must be the most ungrateful person in the World, if, while I am, I am not,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER XXXVIII.

*To the same.*

*My Lord,*

**A**M I not guilty of too much freedom and familiarity, to beg a great kindness, of a great Person, in a short Note? I know there is a vast distance between a Grandee, a Privy Councillor, a Minister of State, and poor *Paul Scarron*; and yet, to make an ingenuous acknowledgment of my natural infirmity, I can as well forbear breathing, as being somewhat jocose and familiar with those persons, for whom I have a great affection, or continuing in a serious humour to the end of a Letter, which I may have begun with MY LORD, or, MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,  
in

in Capitals. I would not therefore have you imagine, from what I have said, that I am thrifty or forgetful of the respect I owe you; I shall ever render what is due to your Character, answerably to my Abilities, and I know how to make my Addresses to you in the sublimest kind of writing, when occasion shall require it. But the very same man, who shall sometimes leave half a foot distance between MY LORD, and the beginning of the Letter he is writing to you; who shall drain the *Academy of Complements* to fill it with *Rodomontades* and *Hyperboles*; and shall not omit the least of your Qualities, least the superscription of it should not be sufficiently authentick, will, after all that ceremony, fly out, and entertain you with trifles, and a little dissuperciliate that serious countenance, which methinks you ought to have, when you give a conclusion to some great Affair. In a word, he will endeavour to *uncatonize* you, if I may presume to use that expression; but that must not be, when the important Concerns of State are under deliberation; that is, when you are Procurator-General, Surintendant of the Finances, and Minister of State, such a Triumvirate of Offices, as none ever exercis'd so well

well before. Monsieur *de Chaulne* will take a fitter opportunity, and will not suffer me to appear before you, till you have divested your self of those Titles, and assume the place of Monsieur *Fouquet*, I mean the most excellent Person in the World; when you shine in your own proper lustre, without borrowing that of your Charges and Dignities; when having quitted the Consular Robe, you are at St. *Mandés*, or *Paris*, in your withdrawing-Room, clad according to the ordinary mode of private persons, and somewhat in the same equipage and humour, as *Scipio* was in, when he gather'd shells on the Sea-side with his Friend *Laelius*. Could I have the happiness, my Lord, to be admitted to you, at such a time, I should make no difficulty to entertain you with any thing that came first into my head, and be the frolickest person alive, as long as Heaven were pleas'd to continue me in the humour. Yet should not that be, till I had first begg'd your permission to be so, such as was given me by the late Cardinal of *Lyons*, and such as I took myself, without asking, with the Cardinal *de Retz*, when he lay by me upon my little yellow Couch, and talk'd of things no way relating to the Cabals of *Paris*. I dare

H

boldly

boldly own it, that, in those two Eminences, I triumph'd over the Stoicisme, and serious temperament, which attends the red Cap. Time was, when they would have it to be an Article of my Faith, that they had a love for me; you may follow their example, and afford me a little of your affection, without either blushing or disparagement, and by the extraordinary care I took to deserve their caresses, imagine with what zeal I shall be inclin'd to love you. You have a kindness for me, upon this particular score, that I am a wretched person, and you have done me more in the space of fifteen dayes, than the greatest part of the Peerage of *France*, promis'd me, ever since the time I was condemn'd to the posture of perpetual sitting. Of the last Twenty years which I shuffled away of my weary life, there has not past one, but some great Lord among those that come to see me at my Chamber, as people went heretofore to see Elephants, and Estriches, or popp'd in thither to pass away the afternoon, when they had made bilk Visits, or have nothing else to do, there has not, I say, one year pass'd, but some one of those titular Grandees, and mountainous promisers of Friendship and all the  
conve-



conveniences consequent thereto, hath shamefully broke his word with me, and has as often proffer'd either for my Friends or my self, what I desir'd not of them. And yet Monsieur the *First President*, whom I never had the honour to see in my life, sent me this last Year a considerable Present by the Abbot of *Menagius*, and that within a very short time after I had dedicated a Book to him; whereas you your self, who were ignorant of my being in the world, have honour'd me with your kindneses, and that after a manner yet more obliging, than those very kindneses. I think, my Lord, that I am not engag'd to make a more particular discovery of what I desire of you, whatever Command you have laid on me to do it: I ought to receive the favours you shall do me with all the resentment of gratitude that I am capable of; but I have not any right to prescribe them to you, nor yet to demand any of you. Your own Generosity knowes well enough what it has to do. It is sufficient, for the quiet remainder of my life, that, from the place where you are, you have cast an eye upon me in that where I am; and I question not, after the obliging Note you were pleas'd to write to me, and which I shall

100 Scarron's *Letters.*

dearly keep, but that *I* may shortly say,  
when *I* speak of you,

———*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

Mean time, to importune you no farther,  
*I* am,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

SCARRON.

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LETTER XXXIX.

*To the same.*

*My Lord,*

**I** Question not, but you may have heard,  
that *I* was as kindly entertain'd by the  
late Queen of Sweden, *Christina*, as *I*  
could expect, when *I* was carried to the  
*Louvre*, to satisfy her Curiosity. Nor is it  
to be doubted, but that the relation she made  
in her own Country, and the many others  
through which she has once travell'd, of that  
important Visit, was extremely divertive to  
all

all that heard it. A good Sedan, and two lusty Fellows to carry it, and a third, to convey my own great Chair, out of which I have dictated more *Burlesquery*, than any other Author has done, might with as much ease bring me to your Palace, that my Curiosity may be once satisfy'd with the sight of in seeing that Person, to whom, of all the World, *I* am the most engag'd. *I* should have already satisfy'd the impatience *I* am in to do it, if my health had not oblig'd me to take a little change of Air, at a place, about a League from *Paris*, where *I* hope to put a period to a Comedy *I* have in hand. Mean time, *I* beg your Lordships remembrance of the Promise you have made my Wife, concerning the Marquisate of her Cousin *de Circe*, and to be pleas'd, that Monsieur *Patriau* may make you a report of that affair. The favour we beg of you herein, is one of the greatest; but, if *I* am not mistaken, *I* have already told you, That you could not do small ones. And *I* once more protest to you, That if *I* were not fully perswaded, that the Lands, for which we beg your final conclusion, are as much our rightful Freehold, as any man's can be in *France*, *I* should not have undertaken to speak to you of it, though all my Wife's

Relations in *Poitou* have importun'd me to do it. I shall forbear further abusing your patience, and remain,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c,*

S.

## LETTER XL.

*To Monsieur Pelisson.*

*SIR,*

**A**FTER all the good Offices you do me with our Noble Patron, the Surintendant, methinks you might well have taken the freedom to open the Letters he writes to me, before they came to my hands; and I have some reason to complain, that you had not the first reading of that which I receiv'd this day. It speaks so much of Kindness intended to me, and that does so enflame my gratitude, and puts me to so great a loss, that, if he often write me the like, he, I say, whom I ought to love above all the World, I think I should come and run

run my self through with a Stiletto at his feet, not knowing any thing else efficacious enough fully to express a relentment to real and sincere as mine is. I send you the Letter it self, that I may have your joynt-affirmation of its being the most obliging Missive that ever was. When you have return'd it, I will have it put up amongst my greatest Rarities, as a Testimonial to all Posterity of the Kindness, which the most Generous of all men is pleas'd to have for me. I desire to know, Whether he were much diverted with my Epigrams, against Monsieur B\*\*\*\*\*, among which there are two very pleasant ones. I am

*Yours, &c.*

S.

## LETTER XL I.

To \* \* \* \* \*

SIR,

**I**T is in a manner impossible for a man to be so transcendently obliging as you are, and not be often importun'd. For my part, I am very sensible, that I importune you often ; but I have this apology to make for my self, that importunities are in some sort allowable in persons, remarkable for their calamities as I am, and you would think it strange your self, if I should not make the best advantage I can of the honour of your acquaintance, and the kindnesses you have for me. Two days since, my Servant left at your house a breviat, concerning the affair I may have with Monsieur *le Tardif*, who doubtless would not deny you a thing of greater consequence, and whom I shall satisfie, when he pleases, upon what I have grounded my pretensions. It is my desire, Sir, that you would speak a word with him concerning it, and give me leave to send some person to him, as if it were from your self to request of him, what you will find in the Memorial which I now send

Send you. 'Tis one of my Friends of *Drenx* who has made the discovery of it, and is content that I should make some advantage thereby, besides the satisfaction it will be to me, that I have endeavour'd to serve him. I am,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER XLII.

*To \* \* \* \*.*

*SIR,*

**I**T has been extreamly to my prejudice that I am not so well known to you, as you are to me; I presume you would make no question, but that I should have for your Generosity all the sentiments it deserves, and for the Obligations you have laid on me, all the acknowledgments I am able to make. I am this day advertis'd by Monsieur *le Tardif*, how earnestly you bestir your self to do me a kindness, and I have thereupon acquainted



acquainted him, how far those obliging procedures of yours are free from all suspicion of any benefit or interest to your self, since I am the most useless person in the World. Sir, it is my suit to you, that you would continue them, and compleat a work, which could not have been undertaken by any man who had not a Soul of the same mold with yours. If you will appoint a day for that purpose, I will give Monsieur *le Tardif* notice of it. I am somewhat in haste to acknowledg my self indebted to you for my tranquility, not so much out of a desire to see my self in a short time well establish'd, as that of having a greater inducement, to assume the quality of

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

To \* \* \* \* \*

SIR,

**I**T was my fortune this day to be quite out of mony, a thing not extraordinary to me. I thereupon sent my Servant to Monsieur *de Richemont*, to entreat him to advance one Quarters Rent of my Pension, eleven dayes before it became due. Monsieur \* \* \* happen'd to be there, a Person I have not the honour to be acquainted withal, and I think it is not my fault. However, he took occasion to reproach me with it, as a great misdemeanour, and most unmercifully sent me word, that he knew me not ; That I was acquainted only with Monsieur *de Lorme*, and that I had never dedicated a Book to him. What say you to the brutality of this gallant Person? But this is not the first affront I have receiv'd from him. I would gladly have a particular Character of this unpolish'd Lord, and know, how he stands in point of respect with a Master so eminent for civility, as Monsieur the Surintendant. I am resolv'd to make my complaints to him against a  
man

man so cruel and tyrannical to poor people. But if ever you see any Dedicatory of mine to Monsieur——, set me down for the greatest Rascal and Scoundrel, not only of all the Province of *Scarroneria*, but also of all the voluntary Rascals of fair *France*, the most fertile of all Countries in Persons of that Qualification. I hope towards the end of the Week to have my Present ready for Madam, the Surintendant's Lady. Mean time I remain,

*Sir,*

*Your humble Servant, &c.*

S. 

# LETTER XLIV.

*To \*\*\*\*.*

*Sir,*

**I** Would fain write a Letter which were worth the communicating to your noble Patron, and such as might procure a second order to be given to Monsieur *Brant*. But is there any possibility of writing good Letters, when a man is quite money-  
less

less? I was never so much fallen out with prosperity as I am this day. In three Lotteries it was my chance to meet with pure Blanks, and the two silver bowls, which Madam *Scarron* has got, and which must not come into the common stock, have only given me occasion to envy her good luck, and to detest my own misfortune. Add to this that the *Bois Roberts*, and the *Corneilles*, to whom your dear Patron has been magnificent beyond all that ever were celebrated by the name of *Mecenas*, disturb my rest, as much as the Triumphs of *Miltiades* did that of another Athenian. Could I have gone and come, as another man, you had scap'd the importunity of above twenty of my Letters, and I would have made my Addresses to you in my own, I may say proper, but I must add withal, very irregular figure.

*But when poor Scarron thinks to wait  
On that great Minister of State,  
Thy Patron, who, with candid looks,  
Deigns to peruse his worthless Books;  
Nay when he thinks (so fair's the weather)  
Himself now got near half-way thither;  
For he by this time is 'tis 'afore,  
Trust'd up in his eternal Chair,*

## LETTER XL I.

To \* \* \* \*

SIR,

**I**T is in a manner impossible for a man to be so transcendently obliging as you are, and not be often importun'd. For my part, I am very sensible, that I importune you often ; but I have this apology to make for my self, that importunities are in some sort allowable in persons, remarkable for their calamities as I am ; and you would think it strange your self, if I should not make the best advantage I can of the honour of your acquaintance, and the kindnesses you have for me. Two days since, my Servant left at your house a breviat, concerning the affair I may have with Monsieur *le Tardif*, who doubtless would not deny you a thing of greater consequence, and whom I shall satisfie, when he pleases, upon what I have grounded my pretensions. It is my desire, Sir, that you would speak a word with him concerning it, and give me leave to send some person to him, as if it were from your self to request of him, what you will find in the Memorial which I now send

and you. 'Tis one of my Friends of *Dress* who has made the discovery of it, and is content that I should make some advantage thereby, besides the satisfaction it will be to me, that I have endeavour'd to serve him. I am,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER XLII.

*To \* \* \* \**

*SIR,*

**I**T has been extreamly to my prejudice that I am not so well known to you, as you are to me; I presume you would make no question, but that I should have for your Generosity all the sentiments it deserves, and for the Obligations you have laid on me, all the acknowledgments I am able to make. I am this day advertis'd by Monsieur *le Tardif*, how earnestly you bestir your self to do me a kindness, and I have thereupon acquainted

acquainted him, how far those obliging procedures of yours are free from all suspicion of any benefit or interest to your self, since I am the most useless person in the World. Sir, it is my suit to you, that you would continue them, and compleat a work, which could not have been undertaken by any man who had not a Soul of the same mold with yours. If you will appoint a day for that purpose, I will give Monsieur *le Tardif* notice of it. I am somewhat in haste to acknowledg my self indebted to you for my tranquility, not so much out of a desire to see my self in a short time well establish'd, as that of having a greater inducement, to assume the quality of

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

*S.*

LETTER



LETTER XLIII.

To \* \* \* \* \*

SIR,

**I**T was my fortune this day to be quite out of mony, a thing not extraordinary to me. I thereupon sent my Servant to Monsieur *de Richemont*, to entreat him to advance one Quarters Rent of my Pension, eleven dayes before it became due. Monsieur \* \* \* happen'd to be there, a Person I have not the honour to be acquainted withal, and I think it is not my fault. However, he took occasion to reproach me with it, as a great misdemeanour, and most unmercifully sent me word, that he knew me not; That I was acquainted only with Monsieur *de Lorme*, and that I had never dedicated a Book to him. What say you to the brutality of this gallant Person? But this is not the first affront I have receiv'd from him. I would gladly have a particular Character of this unpolish'd Lord, and know, how he stands in point of respect with a Master so eminent for civility, as Monsieur the Surintendant. I am resolv'd to make my complaints to him against a man

man so cruel and tyrannical to poor people. But if ever you see any Dedicatory of mine to Monsieur——, set me down for the greatest Rascal and Scoundrel, not only of all the Province of *Scarroneria*, but also of all the voluntary Rascals of fair *France*, the most fertile of all Countries in Persons of that Qualification. I hope towards the end of the Week to have my Present ready for Madam, the Surintendant's Lady. Mean time I remain,

*Sir,*

*Your humble Servant, &c.*

S.

## LETTER XLIV.

*To \*\*\*.*

*Sir,*

**I** Would fain write a Letter which were worth the communicating to your noble Patron, and such as might procure a second order to be given to Monsieur *Brulant*. But is there any possibility of writing good Letters, when a man is quite moneyless

less? I was never so much fallen out with prosperity as I am this day. In three Lotteries it was my chance to meet with pure Blanks, and the two silver bowls, which Madam *Scarron* has got, and which must not come into the common stock, have only given me occasion to envy her good luck, and to detest my own misfortune. Add to this that the *Bois Roberts*, and the *Corneilles*, to whom your dear Patron has been magnificent beyond all that ever were celebrated by the name of *Metanas*, disturb my rest, as much as the Triumphs of *Miltiades* did that of another Athenian. Could I have gone and come, as another man, you had scap'd the importunity of above twenty of my Letters, and I would have made my Addresses to you in my own, I may say proper, but I must add withal, very irregular figure.

*But when poor Scarron thinks to wait  
On that great Minister of State,  
Thy Patron, who, with candid looks,  
Deigns to peruse his worthless Books;  
Nay when he thinks (so fair's the weather)  
Himself now got neer half-way thither;  
For he by this time is 'ith'aire,  
Truss'd up in his eternal Chair,*

# 110 Scarron's Letters.

*Supported by two lusty Fellows,  
 Who trudging make a noise like Bellows:  
 By sudden torment he is crost,  
 And all precedent labour's lost.  
 For two hours had been idly spent,  
 To give his Carcass ornament,  
 That what before was execrable,  
 Might be 'mong Grandees more passable;  
 But all the washing, rubbing, shaving,  
 Is spoil'd by swearing, cursing, raving;  
 For he must do, as he was wont,  
 Though Heaven, and Hell, and all, lay on't.  
 Which made some say, alas! poor Scarron  
 hath  
 Expiring, now renounc'd the Christian Faith.*

Now, in the *Bigottian* Dialect of the sur-  
 cengled Tribe, what I have told you in  
 Verse, is call'd *Being visited of the Lord*.  
 Nay, it has happen'd to me many times,  
 that some good Religious men have come  
 purposely to congratulate the happiness I  
 had that the all-merciful God was pleas'd  
 to visit me, oftner then any other; and  
 seem'd to envy me a felicity, which I would  
 have heartily resign'd to any of them, with  
 all the advantages I had thereby, of promo-  
 ting my future well-fare. For my part, I  
 wish there were some less painful expedient  
 then

then those Visitations, for me to secure my salvation, and I find my self at a great distance from that high degree of perfect resignation to the Lord's will. For I must seriously acknowledge, that I languish and pine after what you have put me in hopes to receive from Monsieur *Bruant*. I am willing to believe, as you write to me, that he would oblige me; but I question whether he will do it much. I believe also that he finds it some trouble to raise money at the beginning of a Campagne; but there wants so small a sum for me to begin mine, and what I expect from him would contribute so little to the distraction he is in, that he might put a period to mine, without much augmenting his own. It is your concern to sollicite him herein, were it only that you may be deliver'd from the persecution of my Letters. To excite you the more, I am to tell you, that I was yesterday put into a great fright; word was brought me, that Monsieur *Merant*, Master of the Accompts, was desirous to see me. I was much troubled to think what might be the consequence of my Landlord's visit. But his discourse was only concerning the reparations of his house, the inundation of the River *Seine*; and his last complement was, That, though unhap-

unhappy in other things, I was a happy man in being so ingenious. I am,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

# LETTER XLV.

*To \* \* \* \*.*

*Sir,*

**I** Have a story to tell you, which, if I mistake not, will find you some diversion. Some three dayes since, I was fallen very low in the purse, an accident which is very ordinary to me. I sent my servant to Monsieur *Richemont*, of whom I receive every Quarter four hundred *Livers*, a Pension bestow'd on me by Monsieur the Surintendant. I desir'd him to do me the favour, to make me ten dayes advance of the Quarter now current. There happen'd to be with him one Monsieur \* \* \* \*. a person I know not, and he reproach'd me with it, as a great fault, whereof I have yet but little thought to reform my self. This man  
meeting

meeting with my servant, entertain'd him with this discourſe. *I know not your Maſter; He knowes none but Monsieur de Lorme, and never either dedicated to, or preſented me with any of his Books; tell him, that he ſhall not have his money till the end of this month.* You ſee, Sir, how that Poverty makes men deſpicable; and though Queens, and Princes, and all the greateſt perſons of quality in the Kingdom have had the curioſity to come and ſee me, honour me with their Viſits; and diſpenſe with my rendring of any to them, I find an unciviliz'd Lord in Monſieur \* \* \*. And you ſee alſo, Sir, that though you are eſteem'd and belov'd of all the World; yet is there an envious Brute, to whom your noble repute gives ſome diſturbance. I ſhall forbear giving further occaſion of grumbling, to the people of buſineſs, who wait in your Antichamber, by amuſing you any longer with the reading of a Letter of no great importance. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble, &c.

I

LETTER



## LETTER LXVI.

*To \* \* \* \* \***Sir,*

**I** Am much troubled to hear of the soariness of your Eyes : But what addes to the trouble, is, that having a great likelihood of doing much mischief, they are the less bemoan'd by divers other persons. It concerns you to examine whether they have deserv'd what they endure, and so seek out, in your own virtue, for all the patience, you now stand in need of. For my part, it is the greatest of my afflictions, partly out of a consideration of my present interest, and partly out of that of my future expectation. For since it has been known, that you have honour'd me with your acquaintance, I find that I am more considerable among several persons. The other day, I only took occasion to speak of you, as I ought to do, before Monsieur *de Scudery*, and this day, I receiv'd from him the Letter I now send you, by which you will see, that he hopes great things from you, if you but ever so little promote the request which Monsieur *Ménage* has made for him. No doubt but Monsieur

seur *Servient* will tell you, that these Briefs from *Rome* are very troublesome, and I am so more then any one, in recommending two affairs to you, in the space of eight dayes. But when I sollicite for other persons, I am as fierce as a Lyon, but for my self, I am so bashful, that it is with the greatest repugnance in the World, I importune any man with my concerns. Since my Letter is grown so long, I must tell you further, that upon the first sight of Monsieur *Servient*, I conceiv'd he would be a person answerable to my inclination; his merit has since rais'd in me a veneration for him; and the kindness he has express'd, in enquiring whether I were alive, has made an absolute acquess of me to his service. This protestation of mine is as sincere, as that of my being,

Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

S.

## LETTER XLVII.

*To\*\*\*\*.**Sir,*

**I** Send you the two Letters which I read to you yesterday, because I observ'd, that you express'd a certain liking of them, with this promise, that I shall cause some others to be transcrib'd for you, as also some Verses. But at the present, the greatest part of my employment is the writing of Comedies, because my principal subsistence depends on it. 'Tis a wretched kind of Labour, which is not of any great advantage, though a man bestowes much of his time in it, and gains him but little reputation, when he makes too great expedition. The others require a great repose and serenity of mind: and a man has but little of either of them, when he is as much discompos'd in his health, as in his affairs. And for my part, I must acknowledge, that I find a great diminution of that facetious humour, for which I am so remarkable, ever since I have been reduc'd to a necessity of making verses for my livelihood, as a person damn'd to a Trade. I am extreamly at a loss, when I reflect,

reflect, that if I express not my thankfulness to Monsieur the Procurator General, as highly as my resentment of his favours adviles me to do, he may suspect, I have it not to the degree I ought; and if I do thank him answerably to the desires I have to do so, he may imagine, that I have a mean and mercenary soul. I am sufficiently satisfy'd that he is so transcendently generous, as not to expect Complements from those whom he obliges, and goes by this principle, that that is properly giving, when a man gives to an useless person, such as I am; whereas to be liberal to one from whom he may receive some service, implies somewhat of Commerce, rather than the bestowing of a kindness. In a word, Sir, there is in this point a certain nicety which I ought to observe, and which I desire to be instructed by you, who have known him so well, and so long. I did not make account to have written to you so seriously; but sometimes there rises a certain cloudiness in a man's mind, which cannot presently be dispell'd. I am,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*To \* \* \* \* \***SIR,*

**I** Make no question, but you have long since assign'd me a place among your Friends; how well I deserve it, will appear by the demonstration I now make of the desires I have to serve you, in giving you the knowledge of a Son of Madam *Mongerons*, and withal the opportunity to oblige a Lady of her merit, in the person of her Son, a person highly meriting the Friendship I expect you should have for him. You will thereby give some assurance of that which you have promis'd me; and I expect great acknowledgments of the kindness I do you both, at the end of the Campaign. Of all the good qualities which the Gentleman I recommend to you is maker of, I shall only mention one, which he himself would have conceal'd from you. 'Tis this, that he commands the Lute better then any person of his quality, yet has not the time, he has spent in that exercise, diverted him from persecuting all the others, nor yet his Studies, and Travels into *Spain, Germany, and Italy,*

*Italy.* I might have said more of him, but I leave it to your own perspicacity, to find in him those accomplishments, whereof I shall give you a farther account the next Winter. In the mean time, be jocund, O most passionate of all men, and least punctual in all things, unless it be in the Friendship you have for,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER XLIX.

*To \* \* \* \*.*

*Sir,*

**I** Am in some degree useful to you, since I find you the means of obliging an excellent Person; concerning whom we had some discourse two dayes ago. 'Tis Monsieur R: one who is as much my Friend, as I am desirous to be yours. I think that I have hereby made a sufficient discovery of his being a person of more then ordinary merit; For it will not be for your honour to suspect,

that I understand it not; I, who had at the first sight so perfect a knowledge of your worth, and would have purchac'd your friendship at any rate you would have set upon it, if I had had wherewithal to pay for it. Monsieur *Rostean* will tell you the rest.

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

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LETTER L.

To ———

Sir,

**M**Y wife has given me an account of the obliging designs you have for us. These new demonstrations of your kindness have not added any thing to what I already knew of it. During the short time I had the honour to see you, I had an absolute perswasion, of what your precedent repute would have induc'd me to believe; and I must make this protestation to you, that, though the hopes which your Friendship and protection raise in me, should not be attended



attended with that good success which in all probability will follow, yet should I impute it wholly to my own misfortune, and make never the less acknowledgments of your Generosity. I have not the repute of an ungrateful person in the World, and I cannot give a greater assurance of it, then by representing to you, that though I am the most useless of all Men, yet is there a great number of Persons of Quality and merit, who are my Friends, or pretend to be so. But I must withal avow, that among those that seem to be most earnest & pressing to do me good, there is not any that proffers the doing of it, in so obliging a manner as you do. You bestow much less of your time on your self then you do on others, and I should put you to expend too much of it, if I should set down here all that my gratitude does inspire me withal. Till I can make a publick declaration thereof, be pleas'd to content your self with the sincere protestation you now receive of my ever being, while I live,

*Sir,*  
*Your most humble, &c.*  
S.

LETTER

## LETTER LI.

To———

*Most Reverend Father,*

I Have receiv'd an Advertisement from you, that Father *Vavasseur* had written a Tract against the *Burlesque* Stile. He has done well. I find in my self some inclination to envy so Noble a Design; and you will do me a pleasure to afford me the perusal of a Work, for which the Publick ought to think it self oblig'd to him. If I were to write against some inconvenience incident to Mankind, it should be against the *Burlesque Poesy*: but you have an ill opinion of me, if you think that I bear him the least ill will. Next to stinking Breaths, and morose Company, I know not any greater inconvenience, than the *Burlesque Verses*; and since I am in some sort the cause of the great overflux which hath happen'd of that kind of Poetry, I have no great occasion to quarrel at Father *Vavasseur's* falling upon me. They, who told you, that I was incens'd against him, know me not, and I should still have been ignorant of his having

ving written against the Insects of *Parnassus*, if you had not inform'd me. The World is much oblig'd to him, for having set forth a Work, which tends to the reformation of so great an abuse. You might well have given me a sight of it, were it only to make amends for the injury you have done me, in thinking me capable of so great an impatience. Be pleas'd to let Father *Vavasseur* know, that I am his, and

*Most Reverend Father,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER LII.

To ———

*Madam,*

I Must needs have a very advantageous conceit of Madam *d' Aiguillon*, for after I have seen her, heard her, and read the Letter which you shew'd me of hers, I cannot abate any thing of what I have said of her. For God'sake, Madam, let me intreat

treat you, to make it your serious business not to spoil my Verses, by changing a word, without which they would be defective. Her act of humility would make me commit one of injustice, and you may tell her from me, that it has already had its effect towards God. I assure her of it, with as much certainty, as many others might do, who think themselves better inform'd, than I am, of what passes in the Celestial Court. She is but the second of those Ladies, whom I have canoniz'd before their death; but she is that of the two, of whose Virtue I am most assur'd: and I dare affirm, that though she should, during her life, leave a sum, to defray the charges of her Canonization after her death, yet would it not be so much the effect of her presumption, as of her wisdom. I will tell you more of it, when I shall have the honour to see you. But though I am smitten with her merit, more than any other person ever was, yet shall I believe more of her, then I shall tell you of her; I, who cannot speak meanly of what I esteem, and who am the most tender of the interests of persons that are like her, when they have gain'd me by their goodness. Oh! that she had but some quarrels that were to be decided with Pen in hand, you should  
see,

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see, how I would bestir my self in her service. I am, in the mean time,

*Madam,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER LIIL.

To ———

*Sir*

**T**He former Letters we receiv'd from you were so divertive, that we look'd on it as an argument of your, and Monsieur——'s being not only in health, but also in a more than ordinary good humour: but there is so much discontent in the last, as gives us occasion to fear, that now you are not in either. True it is, that for your part, you have overcome your indisposition, nay I am apt to think that you are not troubled with any, since you understand Raillery. But as to Monsr.—— I would advise him to breath a Vein, and I promise him, not to endanger the enflaming

ming of his blood hereafter, by the satyricall freedome of my discourse. My raillery is alwayes directed to my Friends, because it is my presumption, that they are not displeas'd therewith; and I shall not take it amiss, if they give me as good as I bring. I shall not therefore stick to tell you, that as pleasant as your Friend—— thinks me. I cannot pretend to be half so pleasant as he; and that during the space of seven or eight months, that he has made his residence at *Paris*, like a *Rinegrave*, and carrying on Amours by *Placets*, *Factums*, and *Letters of Recommendation*, he has given the World a greater diversion, than I shall do while I live, with all the *Burlesque* and facetious humour that God has bestow'd on me. He has further this advantage over me, that it is with some violence to my self, that I am pleasant, whereas he is naturally such, and without so much as thinking of it. But least my Letter may seem as undivertive to you, as what he writ in yours, upon the innocent raillery of his most humble Servant, I shall speak of something else. I send you a *Pourtraiture* of *Madam Bonneau*, which I did upon the perswasion of *Madam Scarron*. Some have thought it not unlike her, and written naturally enough. Com-  
mendations

mendations do not divert much, and are but perpetual repetitions of the same thing. The *Baronade* is finish'd; I shall send it you, as soon as I have shewn it to Monsieur the Procurator-General. I am much troubled concerning Monsieur the Mareschal d' *Albret*; 'tis the common report at *Paris*, that he lies very-sick, and some say, he is to be brought thither in a Letter. The loss of so generous a Friend would not be one of the least misfortunes, of the most unfortunate Person in the World.

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER LIV.

*To*———

*Madam,*

**T**Hough the affair I have propos'd to you come to nothing, as to the success I expected from it, yet should I prefer it before the most advantageous one I could



could do, since it has procur'd me the reception of one of your Letters. It was possibly your intention to write me only a Missive full of civility; but you have done much more, insomuch, that I must acknowledge, Madam, that of the most unhappy of all men, you have given me so great a satisfaction of my own fortune, that I now think my self the object of envy, rather than compassion. In short, the effort which your kindness hath wrought in my mind; is my most important Affair, and so takes up my thoughts, that I know not how I can speak to you of that which I have in the hands of Monsieur de la Nouë Renart: But, since you enjoyn me to do it, and that it is more just I should comply with your desires, than follow the bent of my own inclination, I shall only tell you, Madam, that if you do but satisfie *M. de la Nouë Renart*, of Madam Scarron's, and my being somewhat in your favour, it is impossible my affair should prove unsuccessful in his hands, though he should oppose me, as much as I find him dispos'd to serve you. In that expectation, or rather assurance, I remain;

*Madam,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

To———

*Sir,*

I Know not whether you are as much lost to your other Friends, as you are to me. I have no more sight of you, then if you were already admitted into the Celestial Court, to which place you are making all the hast you can. And yet it was my opinion, that you were sufficiently accommodated, as to the concerns of this lower World, and methinks twelve thousand Livers of an Annual Rent in Spiritual Promotions, and eight hundred thousand Livers of Temporal Estate, might have been a great temptation, for your making a longer abroad amongst us poor Mortals. But without any further Raillery, why are you no longer visible? Is it that your fits of Devotion continue still, and that you would break off all correspondence with so great a Sinner as I am? It were a Pharisaical action in the highest degree, and you should rather think of promoting my Salvation,

as a thing of much difficulty, and not have forsaken me, till you had as much security as this World could give you, of my happiness in the other: for you will be much troubled, if we do not both receive the same blest invitation at the last day. Mean time I am,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

S.

# LETTER LVI.

*To Monsieur de Segrais.*

*Sir,*

**H**Er Highness does me a great honour in but thinking that I am in the World, and it is no small one you do me, in believing me capable of drawing a Pourtraiture well. But though I should be so fondly conceited of my self, as to be persuaded of my ability as to that point, and that my earnest inclination to please you, should give me that Painting, yet would  
the

the Pourtraitures which her Highness has made, quite discourage me from making any. They are, as far as I am able to judge of them, the noblest of all those that were ever yet made; and the *Virtuoso's* of the present Age were to be bemoan'd, that a Princess should transcend them in the glory of writing well, if it were not highly to their glory, to see her meddle with their Profession. There is a greater difficulty in making a good Pourtraiture, then is imagin'd. A man should have a perfect knowledge of what he is to draw; and methinks that commonly people know not any well but themselves, and sometimes their intimate friends. Can any person of excellent parts commend himself without much vanity? Or should one make a discovery of his imperfections to any but his Confessor? In like manner, can a man celebrate the accomplishments of friends, without importuning him? Or tell them some truths without hazard of incurring their displeasure? Nor are the inconveniencies occurrent in the commending of indifferent persons less considerable. For, as Portraits ought to be made of subjects that are well known, and that men are remarkable upon the score of their

Quality and Merit ; so a man runs the risk of disobliging those persons to whom he owes respect and esteem, if he gives them not the commendations they deserve ; he must expect the character of an impertinent person, if he gives them those that are not truly applicable to them ; and how cautiously soever commendations may be given, it is my imagination, that there is not any thing more troublesome, to him that receives them, to him that gives them, and to those persons who hear them given. Besides these general reasons, upon which I have taken a resolution not to make any *Pourtraitures*, I have some particular ones, which I question not but you will approve. Awretched person, such as I am, who never goes out of his chamber, has no exact knowledge of things, but what is had by the relations of others. I doubt not but you will grant that to be a great defect in a Painter, who ought to have his fancy fraught with a great number of *Idæa's*, and apprehensions, which are not to be acquir'd otherwise then in the conversations of the greatest persons ; and I am sufficiently sensible, to my great regret, that in process of time, a man may grow dull and rusty, in his chamber, as much as if he

were

were in the Country. A Man should have a smartness of wit and discernment equal to that of so excellent a Princess, to make good Pourtraictures, and be of a quality not inferior to hers, ere he shall be able either to commend or dispraise, so as that there shall be no occasion to quarrel at it. I am,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble, Sec.*

LETTER LVII.

*To the Duke d'Elbœuf.*

*My Lord,*

**I** Am not to be instructed what respect I owe so great a Prince, and so great a Benefactor as you are, and it shall be my care not to abuse it: but it would be withal impossible for me, to forbear exercising my jocular humour in a Letter, though I begin it with MY LORD, and cannot avoid trembling for the first four Lines. But at the present, you will be pleas'd to content your self with a Mil-

lion of humble Thanks, which I now send you, for the honour of your remembrances of me, for all the excellent Pasties, which you ever sent me, and particularly, for the last of them all, which is just now brought to the Table. There are present at the opening of it, Messieurs *de Vivonne*, *de Mata*, *d Elbene*, *de Chastillon*, not reckoning your humble Servant, to whom you were pleas'd to send it. I question not but it will be a great satisfaction to you, to find that the goodness of the Company is somewhat answerable to that of the Pastey; and it is but just, that the Founder of so noble a Treat, should have an account who are the Confounders of it. You may be assur'd also, that we shall have more than one remembrance of your good health; and those Commemorations will be a perfect comfort to me, for the absence of Madam *Scarron*, whom Madam *de Mont-chevreuil* has carry'd away from me by main force. I have apprehension, that that debauch'd Lady may occasion her being addicted henceforth to Wine and Women. But for your part, my Lord, I shall presume to give one word of good Counsel, as to the latter of those two enjoyments: which is, that you be not so liberal of your radical moisture



sture among the Provincial Beauties of *Picardy*, as not to reserve a little of it, for the Coy Dames of *Paris*, who in the mean time languish for your return. Of all your most humble, most obedient, most respectful, and most obliged Servants, I am the most zealous,

*Scarron.*

LETTER LVIII.

*To Monsieur de Villette.*

*Sir,*

**S**INCE the last you receiv'd from me, you were pleas'd to write to Madame *Scarron*, and to Monsieur *de Nossas*. Those two Letters are admirable things, worthy to be learnt by heart, and in a word, such as may well deserve the title of *Opera*. A Person of excellent parts, whom you very well know, said, at the reading of them, that you must needs be in an exquisite temperament, both as to health, and affairs, when you could write so transcendently well. For my part, were I not thoroughly acquainted

with your accomplishments in the several kinds of writing. I should say of those excellent works in Prose, which you daily post up to *Paris*, what the same Monsieur *d'Elbene* sometime said very pleasantly, of some persons, who make it their study to be of the first magnitude in Company, that is, to be most conspicuous for their drollery, and witty reparties; That indeed there was much reputation to be acquir'd by a continual advancing of things remarkable and ingenious; but that the toil of it much exceeded the pleasure; and he had observ'd, that persons of such an humour were not long liv'd. I make it my earnest suit to that power which can do all things, that it would be pleas'd to continue to you that great fecundity of wit, and indefatigability of hand, which you have at present, and that, some fifty years hence, I may be refresh'd and satisfi'd with their happy productions. But be this said only *en passant*; though fifty years will make no great hole in eternity. In the mean time, Madam *Scarron* is very unfortunate, that she has not a competent estate, and all the equipage and accommodations requisite, to take her progress, when so great a felicity is proffer'd her, as that of being wish'd at *Brouage*, by so great a Princess,

cess, as Mademoiselle *de Manchini*.

Tyber's *rich present, the Glory now of France*.

But I hope she will recover that so great a loss, when the Court returns to *Paris*, and that as soon as she shall have the honour to be known to that incomparable *Romane*, she will allow her a place among those; for whom she has some kindness. For my part, I would also offer her of my incense; for you know, that we Poets must have some Divinity, on whom we may bestow it. But I am distrustful of the merit of my Present, as much as I am persuaded, that she deserves, above any person in the World, all the Hyperboles of the Poets; and you know that our Ware is contemptible, when it is directed to any one, before it be desired. The fulness of your *Bronage* causes a solitude here in *Paris*. Yet can I not perceive any such thing in one little house, for the ambition of being admitted into our small society, grows warmer and warmer, both in the Court and the City. Not that we and our *Paris* would at the present enter into any competition with your Divinities of *Bronage*; but their true Element is *Paris*,  
or

138 Scarron's Letters.

or the Court, and when by their removal from *Brouage* they shall leave you as naked as they found you, we can afford you no other quality, then that of Provincialists, and wretched Islanders. Adieu; my hand growes weary, and I can hardly tell you that I am,

Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

S.

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LETTER

LETTER LIX.

*To the Count de Vivonne.*

*Sir,*

I Have met with the first draught of the Letter, which I had written to you. Upon second thoughts it seems to me very impertinent; but since you are so desirous to see it, I send it you as it is. You have done me a singular pleasure, in having me in your remembrance, and it is withall a great act of justice; for you are so far oblig'd to a person who esteem you to the degree that I do, as sometimes to think that he is in the World: and I must intreat you to be assur'd, that your retirement at *Rosissy* is not a greater affliction to your self, than it is to me, who am apt to hope, that sometime or other you would give me a Visit at my little Chamber, if your residence were at *Paris*. This is to be understood, when you were disappointed of all other meetings and assignations, and could not bestow your time elsewhere. The actions of our Neighbours should be the Subject of our discourse, and many times we should recreate our selves by

140 Scarron's Letters.

by some little circumventing tricks, without which, I maintain, that all conversation must be lost in process of time. Mean time, Monsieur d'Elbene and my self often remember you over a glass of *Frontiac*; wishing you were here to do us reason. Monsieur de Mata is in *Xaintonge*; I wish that he also were at *Paris*; his company would make your hours slide away somewhat the more merrily, whenever you had the kindness to visit,

*Your most humble servant.*

S.

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FINIS.

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